Delong
"Plow a Straight Furrow"

GenForum

Posted By: Christine DeLong Miller

Email: micah@bright.net

Subject: Searching for William Glen DeLong

Post Date: August 25, 2001 at 21:18:29

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Forum: Delong Family Genealogy Forum

Forum URL: http://genforum.genealogy.com/delong/

Just started researching my family tree. Looking for info on William Glen DeLong (possibly Glen William) born OCT 30, 1891, son of William Henry DeLong and Mary Luella Spears. Born on DeLong Farm, Golden Lake Road, Angola, IN. Died JULY 18, 1940. Does anyone have any information on this line?
Thanks,
Christine

George J. Fitch
21-18
Jacob Swartwood 23-20A
Jacob Swartwood 24-21A

From John Martin Smith's Vol. 3 of "History of DeKalb County", 1837-1987, page 371

Eli Miers, born July 16, 1831, in Stark County, Ohio. He was left an orphan early in childhood and the Simons family took him to raise. They moved to Fairfield Township.

Julia Ann Daily/Dailey, born June 3, 1842, at Stark County, Ohio, daughter of George and Julia Ann (Essic) Dailey.

Eli and Julia were married October 21, 1860, in Auburn.

Eli was one of DeKalb County's earliest pioneers, coming to the county in 1842 at the age of 11. He owned and farmed the farm on SR 327 in Fairfield Township now owned by Walter and Phyllis Schuller. About 1884 he moved 2 miles west of Auburn.

Julia came with her family to DeKalb County in 1845 when she was three.

In 1910 at the time of his death, Eli had two sisters,
Caroline Miller of Richland Township, DeKalb Co., IN
Harriett Bowman of Joshua, Texas

Julia Ann had 5 sisters:
Caroline, who married Price Birch
Harriet, married Charles Smith
Polly
Catherine
Elizabeth, who married Abner Tucker

Julia had 3 brothers:
Andrew, married Elizabeth Klink
John married Rosanna Shuck/Shook
George, married 1st Clara Root, 2nd Emme Knight

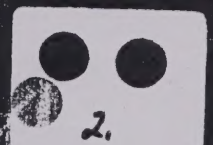
Mr. and Mrs. Miers had 2 sons, who died in infancy and three daughters:
Ida A., married Walter Binns
Ada Irene, married George Campbell
Clara M., married Henry Rakestraw

Eli died September 5, 1910, and Julia Ann died July 19, 1905.

PLOW A STRAIGHT FURROW

Tales Of A Family
In Rural America
1733-1933

BY
JAMES C. DE LONG



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Author owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. James D. Harvey of Greencastle, Indiana, and Mr. John D. Baldwin of Cleveland, Ohio, whose painstaken research into the records of the De Long families in America has been of immeasurable aid. Also to my son David who provided the illustrations and my daughter-in-law Harriett who typed, proof read, rearranged and made other valuable contributions.

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TO

All those intrepid Plowmen of yesteryear whose restless search for a more bountiful Earth enlarged the Nation's horizons and Man's boundries of Freedom.

Sept. 8 - Nov 11 - 1978 - Source C-Ele Supp

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PREFACE

This book undertakes to record the life and times of one branch of the De Long family in America, covering several generations. It is a record that encompasses and closely parallels the emergence, expansion and development of the United States from early Colonial times down to the initial years of the 20th Century.

These people, typical of most agrarian Pioneers, had strong family ties and a tenacious instinct for survival. They had an abiding common bond; love for and abject dependence upon the soil which nurished them, sometimes enriched them, sometimes engulfed and improverished them. The faint mark which they lightly etched upon the pages of history was quickly erased, much as Nature erased the furrows they plowed. But their heritage of the straight furrow endures.

As the progeny of Abraham De Long in America runs into the thousands, living and dead, the Author has limited his genealogical research to his "direct in line" forebearers. He has, however, through considerable research, established and indentified the roots and trunk of the family tree which may aid those who might wish to mount a search into collateral branches of the family in the future.

DE LONG Genealogical Chart

- Abraham De Long, 1706-1756
  - Matthais De Long, 1740-1788
    - Joseph De Long, 1766-1856
      (M)
      Elizabeth Snodgrass, 1766-1857
      - Joseph b. 1796
      - George W. 1799-1855 b. 1800
        (M)
        Rebecca York 1809-1851
        - Joel b. 1828 b. 1829 b. 1831
        - Samuel Alexander
        - James 1833-1877 b. 1835 b. 1840 b. 1841
          (M)
          Polly Dailey 1836-1906
          - George b. 1854 b. 1856
          - Catharine b. 1857
          - Sylvia b. 1862
          - Samuel William b. 1864
          - Ira Allen 1866-1941 b. 1871 b. 1875
            (M)
            Mary Jane Michaud, 1874-1974
            - Irene b. 1895
            - Florence b. 1897
            - Alva b. 1898 d. 1903
            - James Pearl 1899- b. 1901 b. 1903
              (M) d. 1919
              Mary Oles 1909
              - David b. 1930 (M) Harriett Brown b. 1934
                - Mark David b. 1968
              - James b. 1940 (M) Nancy Hill b. 1942
                - Andrew Theodore b. 1967 b. 1970
            - Hazel Velma b. 1905
            - Arthur b. 1908
            - Marian b. 1911
            - Blanche b. 1913
        - Mary Ann Joseph Solomon b. 1840 b. 1841
          Julian Dailey
          - Rebecca b. 1854
      - Rebecca Alexander b. 1803 b. 1809
        (M)
        Rebecca York
      - Elizabeth Solomon b. 1812 b. 1819

CHAPTER I

PENN'S LAND

The year was 1738. Along the Old Mine Trail that led from Ulster County, New York westward to the Delaware River, two oxen-drawn wagons creaked and groaned under their weight. Sacks of corn meal, dried fruits and vegetables, casks of molasses and vinegar, crudely fashioned, hand-hewn furniture and smithy-forged tools used in coping with the primeval forest were all securely tucked away within the canopied wagons.

At the head of the little caravan strode Abraham De Long, alternately coaxing and prodding his team of oxen to greater effort. His wife Catharine, heavy with child, sun bonnet askew, clung precariously to the spring seat in the lurching wagon. Those of the five children, old enough to walk, skipped along by the side of the wagon, hearts full of wonderment and excitement at the great adventure that lie ahead. The second wagon that brought up the rear was similarly outfitted, flanked by an equally burgeoning family and was led by Abraham's younger brother, Pieter.

Their's was not an aimless journey. For many years they had listened to stories of the wonderous land that lay to the west of the Delaware River.

Stories were told of the fertile soil of the Lehigh Valley, the abundance of timber and friendly Indians, but to them the compelling magnet that drew them westward to Penn's Land was the promise of complete religious freedom.

Abraham and Pieter De Long were of French Huguenot origin. Their immediate ancestors had tasted the bitter fruit of religious persecution, having embraced the new faith of John Calvin, a French Cure who introduced Martin Luther's Reformation Doctrine in France early in the 16th Century. For nearly 100 years the Huguenots enjoyed some measure of religious freedom laid down by the Edict of Nantes in 1598. This was revoked at last by Monarch Louis XIV in 1683 which heralded "open season" against all members of the Protestant faith. From their original domicile in the Province of Alsace-Lorraine they fled across the Rhine to the German Province of Palatine where for a time they enjoyed protection under the German Protestant Elector but Louis XIV, not content with driving all Protestants from France - upwards of 500,000 fled the country during the period of persecution - the Grand Monarch, sometimes referred to by unkindly historians as the Grand Butcher, sent his armies into the Palatine and the hapless expatriots were hunted down and slaughtered by the thousands. Those who escaped ahead of the French Army turned to Holland, some to England and many came directly to America.

The time of arrival of the Huguenots that included the De Long clan was somewhere around 1700. Many settled in New Rochelle, New York, later moving up the Hudson River valley to Ulster County, New York. There is no record covering the birthplace of Abraham and Pieter but the probabilities are they were brought to this country by their parents at a very early age. They appear to have grown to manhood in Ulster County, married and started their families there. While New York as one of the original 13 colonies offered a modicum of religious tolerance, there were some abrasive restrictions

borrowed from the Puritans of New England and these in the main were responsible for placing the feet of Abraham and Pieter on the westward trail to Pennsylvania.

The first glimpse of the meandering Delaware River by the De Long caravan was at the present site of Port Jervis, New York. At this point the Old Mine Road turned southward, down the Delaware River Valley to a point in Northwest New Jersey. Here it terminated in an area believed by the early Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam to be the location of fabulous silver and copper mines but it turned out the outcroppings of these metals, found by the Indians and fashioned into trinkets and bartered in the Dutch trading posts were limited in quantity and quality. All that endured from the Dutch venture was the Road which served many purposes including movement of Colonial troops during the War of Independence.

At the end of the trail, Abraham and Pieter constructed two rafts hewn from logs in the forest and bound together by wild grape vines. On these were loaded their worldly possessions and they set off down river, disembarking after a few days at a trading post near the present site of Easton, Pennsylvania. Here they reassembled their caravans and struck inland, moving in a southwesterly direction in Northhampton County. There is no indication they had a destination in mind but Abraham dropped anchor in Lynn Township while Pieter continued on, finally settling down in Berks County, some 15 miles southwards from his brother's place. Here they both remained until their death.

The life and times of Pieter De Long and his numerous descendants have been fully chronicled, first by Dr. Irwin Hoch De Long and more recently by Thomas A. De Long. Pieter, who died in 1760 left nine surving children, many of whom turned from the soil, becoming artisians, tradesmen and

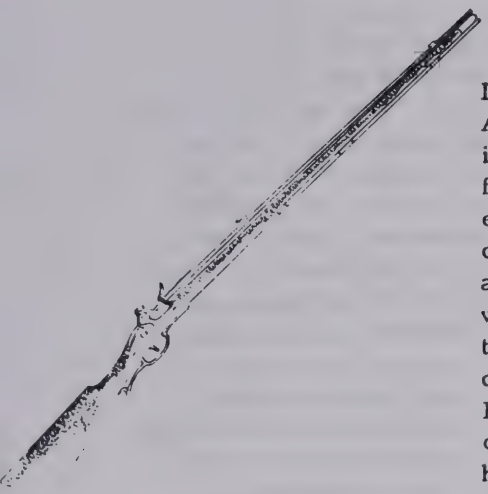
professionals. In contrast, the progeny of Abraham clung to the soil for many generations. While yielding to the urge to seek the better life beyond the western horizon, they invariably settled down on a track of land and lived out their lives as farmers. Abraham died in 1756. He too left a family of nine children.

The bark upon which man's destiny rides is buffeted by the winds of fortune and the tide of events far beyond his control. His ability to survive has been an accomplishment in itself. This was particularly true during the two centuries following Abraham's death. Yet out of the crucible of human conflict during this period there emerged a mighty nation whose boundaries stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific and whose polyglot peoples, recruited from the four corners of the Earth, were melded together by common purpose. The tenants of their creed, starting with religious freedom, were already germinating in the minds of the thought leaders at the time of Abraham's death in 1756.

At this point in history the territory along the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia was in control of Great Britain and had been for nearly 100 years following the overthrow and ousting of the Dutch from New Amsterdam in 1663. Vague political boundries separated the territory into 13 provinces or colonies, including Pennsylvania. Here religious freedom in its fullest sense was an accomplished fact. The colony had been founded by William Penn, a Quaker, who had been in and out of jail during much of his youth for preaching and practicing the doctrines of Quakerism. Finally his Tory father, an Admiral in the British navy, secured from the Crown a grant of land in the New World in return for settlement of a loan of 16,000 pounds he had made to the English King. In the hope of ridding himself of his unruly son and his strange religious beliefs, this grant, consisting of a large portion of the present State of Pennsylvania, was turned over to Penn the Younger. In establishing his first Colony at the present site of Philadelphia Penn brought with him many of his fellow Quakers in England and many German Protestants, recruited by his agents within the German provinces. While free to worship as they wished, in temporal matters they were under the harsh rule of the British Crown as were the other 12 colonies. By mid-18th Century the tiny flame of freedom from Old World tyranny was flickering in the minds of many within the colonies. But there was another river to be crossed before England's rule over her American colonies was to be challenged.

CHAPTER II

DRUMS OF WAR



During the years when Abraham De Long was adding to the acreage of his farm in Lynn Township and enlarging his family, political events of local, national and international importance were shaping up. By 1750 the English were firmly in control of the "Atlantic Slope." But the French too, mindful of the importance of a foothold in the New World had been on the move. Because of England's naval superiority they dared not to make a frontal attack against the English Colonies along the Atlantic seaboard. They chose rather entry through the St. Lawrence gateway. They came in through the back door. By 1750 their flag was firmly planted as far inland as Quebec and on the basis of exploration, Indian treaties and conquest they laid claim to all of Canada, all lands bordering the Great Lakes, territory lying East of the Mississippi and North of the Ohio and looked with land-hungry eyes on territory East of the Allegheny Range which was already being penetrated by the English settlers.

They were intrepid and tireless explorers, braving untold hardships in mapping and establishing outposts in the new territory. At the head of each exploration party and pretty much in command was

the indefatigable Jesuit missionary, dubbed "Black skirt" by the Indians who were targets of their missionary zeal. While the missionary's accomplishments were always in doubt, not so their military counterparts. By 1750 French forts were established at strategic military locations including Fort Duquesne at the present site of Pittsburgh, Detroit, St. Louis and Vincennes, giving them dubious control over all of Canada, the Northwest Territory and the Mississippi River basin as far south as New Orleans.

Unlike the English settlers and others who settled in the English-controlled part of the New World who were primarily agrarians looking to carve out permanent homes in America, the French were mainly concerned with exploration, territorial expansion, fur trading and conversion of the Indian to the True Faith. This difference had an important bearing on the conflict between the English and the French that was to follow. The American Indian lived in the forest and off the forest, depending on it for his livlihood and protection. It was natural therefore for him to take a dim view of the practice of the English in hewing down the trees, clearing the land and planting and cultivating his crops. As the forests were decimated so were the wild game that provided food for the Indian and almost from the time of arrival of the first white settlers from England to the new land there was internecine warfare between the two which grew in scope and ferocity as the Indians were pushed further and further into the hinterland. It was quite natural then that when the Indian had to choose sides he cast his lot with the French and immediately became willing pawns of French military strategists. His role in the French and Indian war was making surprise forays against defenseless settlements and during the early stages of the conflict, attacking columns of British mercenaries who marched over the jungle trails in tight formation, their red and scarlet uniforms providing shining targets for the arrows and muskets of the lurking Indians.

As more and more emigrants poured into the British colonies from the Mother Country, more territory was needed to accommodate them. It was a common saying among the early settlers that when you see the smoke from your neighbor's chimney, it was time to move on. Despite the claim of the French to the territories west of the Alleghenies and particularly to the Northwest Territory, companies were formed which were granted vast tracts of land including one that was given one-half million acres west of the Allegheny mountains, some of it lying north of the Ohio. This land was made available to pioneer families but when they staked out their claims they were set upon by the French and Indians. This was hard to take for the doughty Colonials, particularly those in Virginia which laid claim to much of the Northwest Territory. So in 1754 a stripling ex-surveyor and militia commander was despatched at the head of a small band of Virginia militia to discourage the hostile actions of the French. His name was George Washington and his expedition ended in defeat. News of the engagement spread to Europe, enflaming both the British and the French. Without a formal declaration of war the struggle for the North American continent began. It lasted nine years and was finally terminated with signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1763. Actually hostilities ceased in 1759 when red-haired British General Wolfe stormed the Plains of Abraham of Quebec and in a pitched battle forced French General Montcalm to surrender. Both commanders lost their lives in the encounter. Quebec City was the nerve center of all French military operations in the New World and with its capture all French resistance ceased and in the Treaty of Paris, France surrendered all her claims to territory in North America east of the Mississippi River except New Orleans.

The French and Indian War had three important results insofar as the American Colonies were concerned. Won was undisputed claim to the Northwest Territory which was later to become a part of the United States. Perhaps of equal importance was the

military training of the Colonials such as Washington who took active part in the struggle. Of no less importance: Because the Indians backed the wrong horse, their resistance to the westward penetration of the white settlers weakened and with the exception of scattered forays and skirmishes in the years following the close of the War, Indian hostilities came to an end with many of the more warlike tribes moving westward across the Mississippi.

As with most communities in the American Colonies, the War touched Northhampton County, Pennsylvania lightly. Many of the younger men joined up for military service, leaving to those who remained the formation and training of a local militia, the building and manning of block houses and organization and maintenance of a scouting system to alert white settlers in remote sections on the approach of Indian raiding parties. One massacre did take place in 1763 but by far the worst came 15 years after the war's end. This took place in Wyoming, Pennsylvania, some 40 miles north of the De Long settlement in Northhampton County. Here the entire white settlement of 150 men, women and children were massacred by raiding Indians. Generally the Indians of Northhampton were friendly. They were of the tribe of Lenni Lenapes who were the dominant tribe in what is now the state of New Jersey east of the Delaware River and bordering lands west of the river. Trouble only occurred when Indians, befuddled from an overdose of rum, were cheated and robbed and otherwise mistreated by some unregenerate whites, a few of whom were to be found in each community. Indian retaliation was swift and terrible. One white settler, a near neighbor of Abraham De Long took down the milk pail one morning as was his custom and went to the barn to milk the family cow. When he failed to return, his wife found him in the barnyard, still alive but minus his scalp. His attackers did not even bother to tomahawk him.

There is nothing in the records that indicates that any of the De Longs from Northhampton County

served in the British Expeditionary Force during the French and Indian War. Indeed few appear to have come forward to bear arms during the War of Independence that was to follow. The reason for this is not far to seek. Because of their religious beliefs their forebearers were hounded, persecuted, tortured and slaughtered by constituted government. Even as late as the latter half of the 18th Century they remained a dour, clannish, unsociable group with an abiding mistrust in government in any form and at whatever level. They were devout. They participated generously in the building of the first Dutch Reformed Church in the community in 1760 which they attended as the ritual was almost identical to that of the Calvinist Church. Prior to building of the Church, services were held in the home, sometimes in the forest.

CHAPTER III

PLOW A STRAIGHT FURROW

Abraham De Long died in 1756, leaving "a wife, nine children and a 200 acre tract." His will was drawn a year before his death but probated in 1764 upon the death of his wife. In that year seven children survived and shared equally in the estate. A daughter, Catharine De Long Straup with her husband remained on the family farm after Abraham's death, caring both for the farm and the widow. Upon the latter's death Catharine and her husband bought the farm, paying each of the surviving heirs "13 pounds, 10 shillings, 10 pence and one half-penny."

Many of Abraham's children moved away from Northhampton County, some to other localities in the state while some went south, some west. But a son, Matthais, born in 1740 on the farm in Lynn Township remained in the locality all his life. Following in his father's footsteps he became a farmer, raised a large family which included three sons, Joseph, John and George. He was a deeply religious man, somewhat less unsocial than his father as folk memories of religious persecution dimmed and the benign climate of tolerance towards all Faiths endured and grew. Throughout his life he was a regular attendant of Jacob's Church in Jacksonville, the Dutch Reformed

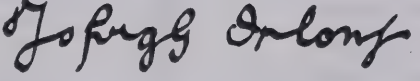
orderly mind. If you learn to plow a straight furrow in the field, you will follow a straight furrow in life. It will save you many heartaches and you will be looked up to by your neighbors and find favor in the eyes of the Lord." Matthias died in 1788, survived by his wife, three sons and six daughters. One of his sons, Joseph, born in 1766, grew to manhood with the rumble of canon and musketry in his ears for the Revolution was abroad in the land.

The ink used in the signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1763 was scarcely dry when events were set in motion, mainly by one wilful man, King George III of England, that was to lead 12 years later to the war for Independence for the American colonies. While it is true as historians point out that England was a better colonizer than the Dutch, French, Spaniards or Portuguese who established dominion over colonial empires solely for the purpose of commercial exploitation, under George III this policy of colonial exploitation was in fact pursued insofar as the American colonies were concerned. Events leading up to open conflict between the Mother Country and the Colonies and the struggle itself have been well chronicled. It ended with victory for the colonies, formalized in the Treaty of Paris in 1783.

While there is no evidence that Matthias De Long, his brothers or sons were Tory sympathizers, none of them appears to have taken up arms for the cause of Independence altho Matthias did join up with the Pennsylvania militia and remained an active member during the conflict. But despite the fact that many of the Revolutionary battles were fought in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York, all within 100 miles of Northhampton County, no British redcoat lost his life by being on the receiving end of a De Long flintlock. The three sons of Matthias of course were too young to join up. Joseph, the eldest was but 15 when hostilities ceased with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781.

CHAPTER IV

DOWN THE LEHIGH TRAIL



Signature of Joseph De Long - 1805

The Treaty of Paris signed in 1783 ceded to the New Republic dominion over all 13 colonies plus the vast Northwest Territory which included the present-day states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. This area had been fairly well explored by the French and it was known to be rich in natural resources. A company was formed in Massachusetts, known as the Ohio Company, and it purchased from Congress five million acres in the Ohio Valley and immediately opened it up for permanent settlers. For years prior to this and even during the period of French claims of sovereignty over the territory, intrepid American scouts and frontiersmen had penetrated the area and returned with tales of vast timberlands, fertile soil and friendly Indians. One of these was Daniel Boone. The first permanent settlement in the Ohio territory was made at Marietta, Ohio in 1788. It signalled the beginning of the westward ho movement which grew to a mighty crescendo during the early 19th Century. The country had scarcely grown accustomed to its newly won Independence and the bonanza of the Northwest Territory when President Jefferson commissioned an expedition under Lewis and Clark to explore the territory beyond the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean which ultimately validated the new Nation's claim to this territory as well.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

To the beleagured farmers of New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, accustomed to farming around boulders, hilly terrains and swamplands, stories of the rich rolling prairies to the West were irresistible and the Conestoga Wagons began to dot the westward trails in ever-increasing numbers. Many pioneers moved directly from their homes in the East into the Northwest Territory, mainly Ohio, but some elected rather to turn southward, settling in Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. In 1790 this latter route was chosen by Joseph De Long, now 24, unmarried, both an accomplished woodsman and by standards of the day, a knowledgeable farmer. In the Spring of that year he took down his Kentucky rifle from the mantle over the fireplace, filled his powder horn and knapsack, bade goodby to his brothers and sisters and moved southward down the Lehigh Valley which was bordered on the East by the Delaware River and on the West by the Susquehanna. In general he followed the well-marked Appalachian Trail into West Virginia which at the time was still a part of the State of Virginia.

In the nine years following the close of the Revolutionary War more perhaps of enduring value was accomplished by the leaders of the new country than the battles fought and won during the conflict. For it was not enough to be shed of the tyranny of Great Britain and become a free people, a form of self government had to be devised that embraced the principles for which the War was fought in the first place. Meeting almost continuously in Philadelphia from the close of the war to 1789, delegates from the 13 colonies painstakenly hammered out upon the anvil of debate the Constitution which was finally adopted by all the states and the new nation with George Washington as its first President was on its way. Architects of the new and untested doctrines of government included the ablest minds of the Age, men who had tasted the bitter fruits of oppression and laid their lives on the line during the Revolution to attain a large measure of liberty for the individual. These men included aging Franklin, Washington,

Jefferson, Madison, Jay, Hamilton and Adams, to mention a few. That their works have endured for nearly two centuries with little change attests to their infinite wisdom.

Joseph De Long was not unmindful of the momentous events that were taking place on the battlefields and Convention Halls during his period of adolescence. But he was too young to share in the glory of battles won during the war or the deliberations of the Founding Fathers for he had no formal education whatsoever - he read with great difficulty in his early youth and his writing consisted of crude attempts at signing his own name. But he was not alone. Of the 350,000 people who resided in Pennsylvania in 1790, probably no more than 10% were literate.

It appears from the records that Joseph's treck southward held no specific destination. Like most frontiersmen he was looking for a better life. One afternoon he moved cautiously through a clearing in the deep forest. Musket at the ready he peered appraisingly at the crude log cabin that stood a hundred paces away at the far end. The smoke spiraling upwards from the fireplace chimney was laced with the faint aroma of roasting venison, telling him that settlers were within and that it was nearing mealtime. His keen woodsman's eyes had spotted the smoke some miles away and had led him over the faint trail in the forest to the clearing.

He was tired and hungry. His long journey on foot had carried him some 300 miles south and west from his home in Northhampton County. At best be averaged no more than 15 miles per day for in places he had to hack his way through the wilderness. His diet consisted of game he killed, and nuts and berries. A continuous chore was repairing his buckskins and moccasins rent by the underbrush he was forced to move through. The log cabin in the clearing was a welcome sight. He was homesick. He particularly missed the companionship of women his own age. As he looked at the neat cabin he muttered, "Time for me to have one of my own."

William Snodgrass, Colonel Billy to his friends had just settled down to his evening meal of corn cakes and roast venison when he heard a shout at the edge of the clearing. "Them pesky Indians are back again," he growled. Taking his musket down from the fireplace mantle he cautiously opened the cabin door, making sure the long barrel of his flintlock preceded him as a warning to unwelcome intruders. When he discovered his visitor was a white man he flung the door open in a gesture of friendship, beckoned the stranger within and invited him to share the family's meager fare. It was only after the meal was finished, stools pulled up to the fireplace and pipes lighted that the stranger introduced himself.

The news that Joseph was a single man carried more than passing interest to Colonel Billy and his wife for the eldest in their brood of six children was daughter Elizabeth, now fifteen and approaching marriageable age. Also that he was Protestant and from Pennsylvania found favor with his host. When Colonel Billy's turn came he told his guest that he and two brothers, James and Michael, arrived in Pennsylvania from County Mayo, Ireland in 1750. The three moved on to Virginia in 1785. Michael was killed by Indians while James moved further south. But Colonel Billy grew tired of moving and dropped anchor on his somewhat inhospitable acreage in Marian County. The two had many things in common and immediately struck up a friendship. Both were Pennsylvania woodsmen, both were Protestants. In County Mayo the Snodgrass family had come under the influence of John Wesley, founder of the Methodist Church. Wesley, an evangelical Englishman had made several oratorical forays into Northern Ireland, converting many thousands to his new religious dogma. Both men were above average in physical build. As a youth, Colonel Billy prided himself upon performing a feat of physical agility unmatched by any of his friends or neighbors. Always on a wager, he would plunge head first over a four-feet high rail fence and land on his feet. In later years this was his undoing. At the age of 68 he was goaded into repeating

this gymnastic feat. He landed in a heap on the opposite side of the rail fence, suffered internal injuries and shortly thereafter died. On facing his Mal his only regret was that, "All Snodgrass men lived to be ninety."

While not a very good farmer he was a schooled frontiersman and one of the best marksmen in the sparse community. His skill with his musket served the family in good stead for they were entirely dependent upon wild game for their supply of meat. Each Fall a bear hunt was organized in which the entire community participated. Bears not only supplied meat for the table, their hides were made into blankets for the beds, rugs for the floor and for various articles of wearing apparel. But by far the most important contribution to the pioneer's larder was the fat or tallow each carcass yielded up. During the Fall months when hibernation was approaching, the animals would gorge themselves on berries and if they were lucky enough to find it, wild honey. When time for hibernation arrived, those who escaped the huntsman's rifle would drag their fat-laden bodies into their winter dens and go to sleep. Bear fat was rendered into grease by the frontier women and used for cooking. It also supplied the tallow for candles and dressing for boots, shoes and harness. Nearly every farm house had a bear trap, an ingenious device used to snare the animals. A log frame was built with a funnel opening at the top leading to a small aperature at the bottom, close to the ground. The bear, enticed by a domestic animal, usually a lamb, pig or goat, tethered in the enclosure would find his way into the trap but not out. Upon first scent of the bear's presence, the animal would set up crys of alarm and the frugal frontiersman, unwilling to trade even a domestic animal for a bear usually shot the bear before he reached his prey.

Being a trained woodsman, Joseph entered into the fall hunting with profit both to himself and his host. In many other ways he made himself useful and before he left the Snodgrass fireside, he

became promised to Elizabeth who by now was much taken with the stranger. Joseph settled on a nearby track of land, built himself a log cabin and in the following year he and Elizabeth were married by an itinerant Methodist preacher.

One compelling trait Joseph De Long inherited from his agrarian French ancestors was love and reverence for the good earth; the soil, the animal kingdom and what each brought forth to nourish and be nourished. Being a deeply religious man he would frequently recite a quote from the Scriptures he had learned from his father. "In the Beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth." And God said, "Let us make Man in our Image, after our likeness and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the Heavens, and over the cattle and over all the Earth. Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the Earth and subdue it." To Joseph, man's dominion was the soil beneath his feet, the cascading rivers abundant with food, the cathedral-like forest with the sun's rays shafting through the foliage of the giant oak trees. Man's dominion, he told himself was this, not the marketplace where artisans and tradesmen bickered and jockied among themselves for a livelihood. This affinity for the agrarian life, inherited from his ancestors was so deep-seated, so abiding that it was a very part of his genes to be passed on to his progeny for many generations to come. Even today, nearly 200 years later, with the face of rural America completely changed, many of his descendants still set their hands to the plow in the Spring, continue to nourish the Earth and sow and reap as did their ancestors before them.

CHAPTER V

ACROSS THE OHIO

After their marriage Joseph and Elizabeth remained on their farm until the year 1805. But the soil and terrain in West Virginia was little better than the land he had turned his back on in Pennsylvania. Tales continued to come to them of better opportunities further south and in the Ohio Territory. So in 1805 they sold their farm and they with their three children loaded their worldly possessions on an ox cart and headed south. Their destination was Botecourt County, Virginia. Through great frugality and proceeds from the sale of their farm they had saved $750.00 which was used to purchase a 137-acre tract of land on Catawba Creek (a tributary of the James River) in the northwestern section of the county. In Fincastle, the County seat, Joseph laborously signed his name to the deed of conveyance but Elizabeth signed with an X, being unable to write even her own name. At the time and place this was not unusual as few pioneer women had any semblance of or indeed need of a formal education. Otherwise Elizabeth was well equipped, physically and by training to measure up to the pioneer life of wife and mother that was to be her role all her life. No other path was open to her and she sought none out.

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Their new farm nestled at the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains and much of the terrain was rolling but apart from the woodlands, tillable. Game abounded and Catawba Creek gave them an ample supply of fish to vary their meat diet. Their tract of land contained no buildings so Joseph's first task was to throw up a log cabin from timbers hewn from his woodlot. When the logs were shaped up the new neighbors came willingly to give him a hand at "house raising." The logs were hoisted into place, pegged and caulked, then the rafters and shake shingles were put on. The focal point of all early log cabins was the fireplace, usually built of stone with a single flue. The fireplace served the dual purpose of providing heat for the cabin and for cooking. Installed in each fireplace was an iron crane that could be swung over the fire for cooking and out into the living room for cooling and serving. A must for each fireplace was a Dutch oven, an aperature in the back wall of the fireplace where bread dough and corn meal batter were placed for baking. Most cabins had two floors, the main room on the ground floor sometimes referred to as the "keeping room" and the loft overhead where the children slept.

According to the Virginia census of 1810, in that year Joseph and Elizabeth had five children, ranging in age from 14 years to one. They were Joseph, Jr., George, James, Rebecca and Alexander. Two more were to come along, Elizabeth, born in 1812 and Solomon, born in 1815. That was to be their total brood. All lived to an advanced age for their time and all, except one, had large families of their own.

As pointed out earlier, the French and Indian war, ending in 1763 broke the back of Indian hostilities in all territory east of the Mississippi and forever disposed of French territorial claims to the Northwest Territory. Thus the lands explored and surveyed by the French explorers and their omnipresent Jesuit missionaries was opened up for the American pioneers. The provisions of the Northwest

Ordinance adopted in 1787, were in tune with the spirit of the times, guaranteeing for those who settled in the territory all liberties laid down in the Constitution. This Ordinance applied to all territory north of the Ohio River. Other Congressional Acts provided for surveys of the Northwest Territory. By such surveys the region was laid out into townships, each township six miles square. Each was subdivided into sections, each containing 640 acres, readily divisible into half sections, quarter sections and even into smaller acreage. The surveys furnished definite maps and facilitated the location and purchase of lands. At first the price of the land was fixed at $2.00 per acre but this was reduced to $1.25 in 1820.

The Northwest Ordinance itself made provision for temporary territorial government under governors chosen by the Congress and later by the President of the United States. As soon as there were 5,000 free male adults in a particular territory, they could establish a local legislature under the supervision of the governor. The Northwest Ordinance stipulated that religious freedom should prevail throughout the region, that the inhabitants should enjoy the right of trial by jury, and that other forms of liberty should be observed. It declared that schools and the means of education should forever be encouraged. Also that there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the territory. Under the generous provisions of the ordinance, pioneers poured across the Ohio into the territory. By 1803, 581,000 people were living within the present boundries of the state of Ohio.

Two times in his 49 years Joseph De Long had grown discontent with his lot, pulled up stakes and moved on to what he hoped would be a better life. And once again the spirit of restiveness was upon him. His span of years had encompassed the birth of the Republic, acquisition of vast land areas and the election and tenure of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison as Presidents of the United

States. Their ten years on the farm on Catawba Creek had been fruitful. Life had been pleasant, the weather benign, the soil yielding, the Cherokee Indian neighbors friendly but the yearning to move on became irresistible.

In 1815 the farm was sold. It netted them the tidy sum of $3,700 which placed them in a comparatively affluent posture and a strong position to "pick and choose" in dirt cheap Ohio. The winter of 1815 was spent in preparing for the long journey north. With the coming of Spring when the flooding rivers had returned to their courses they set forth in an ox-drawn wagon loaded with provisions for the journey, north and westward over well-blazed trails etched by Daniel Boone and his fellow frontiersmen, rutted by wheels of caravans that had preceded them. They crossed the Ohio River at the present site of Marietta and moved west by north, finally arriving at the present site of Troy, Ohio, county seat of Miami County. Their 400-mile treck, a day's drive today by automobile took them the better part of two months by ox-drawn wagon. Joseph apparently had his destination in mind before they began their long journey. His younger brother George who left the ancestral home in Pennsylvania shortly after the departure of Joseph, had settled in Miami County and undoubtedly got word to Joseph of his whereabouts and had acquainted his brother with the virtues of the area.

Apart from meat which was provided in abundance by wild game along the trail, provisions for the long journey were stored in the covered wagon and consumed when needed. The children, now ranging in age from Joseph, Jr., 19 to Elizabeth, three, slept according to their ages, either on the floor of the wagon with mother Elizabeth or with their father on fir boughs spread on the ground beneath the wagon. Joseph and the older boys alternated as sentries during the night to ward off wolves and other predatory animals as well as curious, prowling Indians ever in search for food, trinkets and corn liquor.

Upon their arrival in Miami County Joseph set up camp and after making sure of the security and well being of his family, purchased a saddle horse and set out to survey the surrounding area in search of a farm site. In his money belt securely strapped to his waist reposed in gold and silver coins the $3,700 he had received from the sale of his farm in Virginia. With land selling still for $2.00 per acre he was in a good position to take his time and pick and choose. The site finally chosen was in Bethel Township, in Sections 1-3-9, located on the ~~Little~~ Great Miami River.

Upon taking title to their new homesite, their first task as in Virginia was to build a log cabin, now of necessity more commodious than the one they had left behind, to house their seven children. Miami County in 1816 was covered by virgin timber. Some of the trees, mostly white oak, hickory and maple were as much as four feet in diameter at the butt. These giants were, of necessity felled, the limbs piled upon stumps and fired to provide a clearing for the crops. Each winter this clearing process went forward, adding to the tillable acreage. With the help of the faithful oxen the hospitable soil was worked between the green stumps which finally decayed and were pulled from their centuries-old resting place and burned. Later, a mill was built on the Little Miami River by Joseph, where grain was ground into flour and meal, not only for his family's needs but for his neighbors' who were arriving in a seemingly never-ending stream from the South and East.

Neighbors, while living sometimes miles apart, were bound together by communal need. They exchanged help in barn and house raisings, corn husking, threshing and clearing. Joseph kept careful records of what he owed his neighbors in 'exchange help' and what each in turn owed to him. A neighbor in 'help' debt who became indifferent to his obligation was immediately ostracized with the firmness of a foreclosing banker. Only in the instance of sickness

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or similar dire emergency was he admitted back into the work-exchange pool. On the occasion of exchange of help a social evening usually followed with other neighbors invited in for the festivities along with their families where popcorn, apples and sweet cider were consumed in great quantities. Games were played, those approaching marriageable age made "calves eyes" at one another. Early in the evening the early-to-bed neighbor would gather up his sleepy brood, load them into the buckboard or lumber wagon and take off for home.

When Joseph moved to Ohio he changed the spelling of his name from Joseph De Long to Joseph D. Long. Why he did this was anyone's guess. The probabilities were that the name De Long in an essentially Anglo-Saxon community sounded too foreign. It was a common practice for early pioneers to change the spelling of their names without bothering to secure Judicial sanction. Later, around 1830, for some reason Joseph resumed the original spelling. His sons and daughters, who obediently followed his first move, fell in line with the second.

As the years grew on Joseph he became more affluent, more perceptive, and more literate but he never lost his love of the soil. Its profound mysteries he never fully understood. Why, for example, the same soil could produce sour rhubarb and sweet sorgum, May apples that were edible but fed from deadly poisonous roots, pop corn that burst open into a fluffy morsel and corn that browned and parched under the same treatment. Why from the same soil fruit ripened into apples, cherries, peaches, quince, onions and horseradish; the latter that would bring tears to your eyes; and grapes so sweet saliva flowed merely at the thought of eating. Those things he did not understand so he put them down as the will of the Lord.

In 1849, at the age of 86, Joseph, sensing the shadow of the Grim Reaper was upon him, made his

will. He now owned land in three sections with several tenants, a mill and all the accouterments needed to carry on his farming enterprise. While the will, which follows, did not itemize his collateral possessions they were numerous and adequate. They were possessions to be found on every working farm at the time. Just what they were and a mirror of the period is revealed by a notice of public auction that appeared in a Kentucky newspaper dated March 1, 1849:

"Having sold my farm and am leaving for Oregon Territory by Ox team, will offer on March 1, 1849, all of my personal property to wit:

All ox teams except two teams, Buck, Ben, Tom and Jerry; 2 milk cows; one grey mare and colt; 1 pair oxen and yoke; 11 baby yoke; 2 ox carts; 1 iron plow with wooden mould board; 800 feet of popular weather board; 1500 ten foot fence rails; 1 60-gallon soap kettle; 86 sugar troughs made of white ash timber; 10 gallons of maple syrup; 2 spinning wheels; 30 pounds of mutton tallow; 1 large loom made by Jerry Wilson; 300 hoop poles; 100 split hoops, 100 empty barrels; 1 32-gallon barrel of Johnston-Miller whiskey 7-years old; 20 gallons of apple brandy; 1 40-gallon copper still; oak tan leather; 1-dozen real books; 2 handle books; 3 scythes and cradles; 1 dozen wooden pitch forks; one-half interest in tan yard; 1 32-cal. rifle; bullet mold and powder horn; rifle made by Ben Miller; 50 gallons of soft soap; bacon and lard; 4 gallons of sorgum molasses; 6 head of fox hounds, all soft mouthed except one.

At the same time I will sell my six negro slaves - two men, 35 and 40 years old; two boys 12 and 18 years old; 2 mulatto wenches, 40 and 30 years old; will sell all together to the same party as I will not separate them.

Terms of sale - Cash in hand or a note to draw 4 percent interest with Bob McConner, as security.

My home is 2 miles south of Versailles, Kentucky, on McCoons Ferry Pike.

Sale will begin at 9 a.m. Plenty to eat and drink. - J. J. Moss"

Joseph's inventory was no doubt similar to Mr. Moss' with the exception of slaves. When it came time to make his will, that document and other records evidence his acquired literacy, orderliness of mind and business astuteness.

MIAMI PROBATE COURT. JUNE 14th, AD 1849.

Joseph De Long's Will

Proceeding before the Probate Court within and for the County of Miami and State of Ohio on the 14th day of June AD 1856.

Be it remembered that heretofor to wit: on the 14th day of June AD 1849 the last will and testament of Joseph De Long, late of Miami County, deceased was presented for Probate in the office of the Judge of the Probate Court, of said County of Miami; which last will and testament is in the words and figures following to wit:

On the name of God, Amen, I, Joseph De Long, of the township of Bethel, County of Miami, and State of Ohio, being aged and inform but of sound mind and understanding, and knowing the certainty of death and the uncertainty of the time thereof, and that I may be better prepared to leave this world when it shall please God to call me hence do therefore make and declare this my last will and Testament in the manner following, that is I commend my soul into the hands of the Almighty God, my body to the Earth to be interred in a decent manner at the discretion of my Executor, hereinafter named, and I will and dispose of my worldly estate as followeth; that is, I will that my Executor pay all my just debts from the avails of my personal property. I will and bequeath to my wife Elizabeth full and peaceable possession of my lands and tenements with the improvement thereon during her natural life; also that she may have my personal property after paying my just debts; she my said wife Elizabeth paying all taxes which shall accrue on said premises. She, my said wife, shall not destroy timber stores or other materials on said farm save for fuel for herself and family or for a tenant or for making fencing or for repairing fenses or buildings on said farm, and that my Executors see to it and exercise their sound judgement in all matters of improvements and expenses.

I will that my land remain unsold until after the death of my said wife Elizabeth and then that my Executors shall sell said lands either for cash or credit as may be most to the advantage of my heirs.

I will to my son George De Long, one hundred dollars, he having had fifty acres of land deeded to him by me heretofore.

I will to the heirs of my daughter, Rebecca Statler, a full share in my estate, deducting sixty dollars, the amount of property furnished to her when she went to housekeeping.

I will to Joseph De Long, one hundred dollars, he having had property in land and water power and a Mill deal of me.

I will to James De Long a full share as heir to my estate, deducting the amount of some note or notes held by me against the said James.

I will to Alexander De Long a full share in my estate, deducting the sum of four hundred dollars, the amount of land and water power given to him in company with his brother Joseph De Long.

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I will to my daughter Elizabeth Denman one hundred dollars, but should she have an heir or heirs lawfully begotten of her body, then she is to have an equal and full share with my other children.

I will that my son Solomon have a full and equal share in my estate, he not having received any of his portion of my estate. And I hereby revoke all former wills made by me and declare this my last will.

Signed, sealed and acknowledged this 4th day of May in the year of our Lord, 1849.

In the presence of us *His mark*

(James Fergus, John S. Fergus) *(Joseph De Long)*

Codicil

I, Joseph De Long, Testator in the above will do make the following codicil as part of my last will, that is, Sarah A. Lafferty is a young woman brought up in my family and unto whom I have given one cow, one bedstead and bedding, one bureau, one table, one stand and I further will that my executors before named pay her the said Sarah A. Lafferty the further sum of fifty dollars out of the proceeds of my will.

Signed and acknowledged this 8th day of June, 1849 in the presence of James Fergus and William Rusk.

(Joseph X De Long)

2nd Codicil

I, Joseph De Long, the Testator of the proceeding will do make the following codicil as part of my last will, that is I do hereby revoke that part of my last will that appoints John Pulerbaugh and Benjamin Cushwaugh executors of my said will, and expunge the same

with my own hand and in their place appoint Andrew Hoagland executor of the will.

Signed and sealed this codicil this 21st day of April in the year of our Lord 1852, in the presence of James Fergus and Benjamin Wilson.

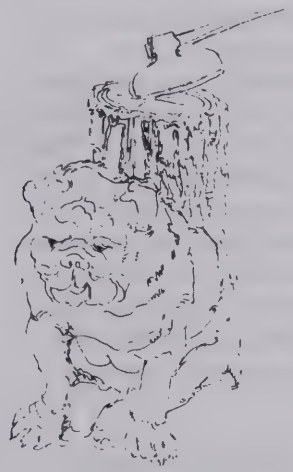
(Joseph X De Long)

Joseph died in 1856 at the age of 93. Elizabeth survived him by several years. By the standards of the time Joseph was a man of considerable affluence. Apparently for the first time in his life he found in the rich soil of Ohio a mistress who returned in full measure the love and affection he bestowed upon her.

Of Joseph and Elizabeth's children, the two daughters married and remained in Ohio as did Joseph, Sr. The remaining four sons yielded to the still clarion call of the West. Their number included George Washington De Long who was dubbed "Wash" by relatives and friends.

CHAPTER VI

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE



Despite the "head start" their patrimoney from Joseph's estate gave them, none of his sons seems to have inherited Joseph's managerial ability or acquisitive instincts. This certainly was true of Wash. He remained in servitude to the soil all his life but his husbandry fell far short of and affronted the exacting demands of Mother Earth. This was true both in Ohio and later in Indiana. Around 1825 he married Rebecca York in Ohio. Little is known of Rebecca or her family except that she was born in Ohio of English, Scotch ancestry. They settled down on a 50-acre tract of land in Miami County deeded to them by Joseph. This was soon abandoned in favor of acreage in Marion County, Ohio, which in turn was sold and in 1838, Wash and Rebecca bundled the family, now consisting of five children, into a lumber wagon and crossed the state line into Indiana. Three of his brothers had already preceded him and settled down in the northeastern section of the State, including Alexander who later moved on to Iowa and then Missouri.

Wash and Rebecca purchased a farm in Perry Township, Allen County, Indiana, about ten miles north of Fort Wayne in the Cedar Creek area. The

land was of marginal fertility and life became hard for the family which by 1841 included seven children. Their names in order of date of birth were Joel, Alexander, Samuel, Joseph, James, Solomon and Mary Ann. Life for Wash appears to have an admixture of sheer survival and bitter frustration. Whether or not he inherited a feeling of kinship for the soil from his father or had no place else to turn is not known. But it is apparent its mysteries confounded him and its successful management eluded him. According to folk memory, later in life and within Rebecca's span of years he took on another mistress, "corn liquor" which then as today mixes well with water but not with dirt. This may have been his escape, his surcease from the dry bread of his daily fare. His jewels were his six stalwart sons and one daughter, raised on corn bread and the gospel as he did not allow his poverty to impair his piety.

From his inhospitable acres in Perry Township, Allen County, Indiana, he managed to keep his head above water but on January 2, 1851, he suffered his first real sorrow - his beloved Rebecca gave up the Ghost, leaving him with four minor children all living at home. With Rebecca's help the going had been hard but to till his land, tend his household and minister to the needs of his brood was well nigh impossible. So in June in the year following Rebecca's death he married Julian Dailey whose husband George had been accidently killed a year before. Julian had nine children by her previous marriage, five of whom were minors at the time of her marriage to George De Long. Somehow they managed to accommodate themselves to the two-bedroom farmhouse in Perry Township. Two years after their marriage a daughter, Rebecca, was born to George and Julian. The mother seems not to have rebelled at all in naming her daughter after her husband's first wife. Their menagerie got along well enough as they had much in common although folk memory records that Julian on occasion would call out to Wash, "Paw, come with a switch. My

kids and your kids are fighting our kids." From the outset son James De Long and daughter Polly Dailey, 19 and 16 respectively, "held hands" and in 1853 they were married, thus relieving some household tensions created by numbers. But the track had become too fast, the responsibilities too heavy for Wash, now bent from hard work and embittered by life's frustrations. He died on January 5, 1855 leaving his brood to God's tender mercy and to Julian. Aging Joseph, his father back in Miami County, Ohio, outlived him by one year.

The life of George Washington De Long spanned the first half of the 19th Century. It was a period that brought little change in the daily lives of the "little people", particularly the farmers. In the Spring the lands were plowed, much as they were 100 years before except the wooden mould board of the plow had been replaced by one of iron; the oxen had been replaced by the horse and the cross-cut saw outmoded the ax in clearing the forests. The soil was still fertile and needed no fertilizer to yield an abundance altho some farmers, living where fish were plentiful, took a page from the Indian squaw's book and buried a dead fish with each hill of corn. In harvesting the grain the hand cradle was used. It was tied in bundles, shocked in the field and when the grain was cured it was spread on the barn floor and flailed to separate the grain from the straw. Corn was cut by hand, shocked and in the Fall husked and stored in the crib with the fodder used as forage in winter for the livestock. Thus each year the cycle was repeated.

When George was born in 1799 the western boundries of the United States was the Mississippi River, excluding the Florida peninsular claimed by Spain. In 1803 Jefferson negotiated the Louisiana Purchase which more than doubled the nation's land area, setting the stage, either by military action or purchase for acquisition of the entire area

West of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean and South from the present border with Canada to the Rio Grande River. All this was accomplished during George's lifetime.

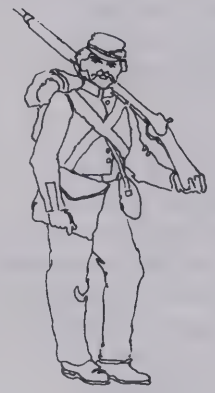
While George and Rebecca lived in a world of their own making, contributing little in the shaping of historical events, they were acutely conscious of these developments and their probable effect upon the lives of those who were to come after. While expansion of the nation's borders fired their spirit of patriotism, a more somber topic of conversation around the fireplace at night was the widening breach between the Northern and Southern States over issues that seemed to be so deep-seated that they defied solution by debate or compromise by statesmen on both sides. During the 30 years prior to George's death, the ominous cloud was gathering on the horizon, growing in intensity and fury. When it burst with full force upon the young republic it was to test, in Lincoln's words, whether a nation dedicated to the principle that all men are born free and equal could long endure.

Superficially the issue was slavery but more fundamentally and immediate it was the disparate way of life of the North and the South. During this period the North, particularly the New England states were developing their infant industries whose products were competing in the domestic market with hardware imported from abroad. The North, in consequence, was in favor of high tariffs to give their products parity or an advantage over foreign competition. They of course pressured their Congressmen to enact high tariff barriers. The Southern states were mainly agrarian with surplus cotton and tobacco their chief exports to overseas markets. When tariffs were raised by Congress to aid Northern industry, foreign Governments retaliated by raising tariffs on the South's cotton and tobacco. For three decades this issue was the main topic of debate in Congress, led by the thunderous

oratory of John Calhoun, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. But oratory was neither a pallative nor a solution. The cancer lay too deep in the warp and woof of the nation's economic structure. It was to be resolved finally, by one of the bloodiest conflicts in the history of mankind, the American Civil War. Mercifully, neither Joseph nor his son George lived to witness the struggle but their descendants were inexorably drawn into the conflict. At one point nine of Joseph's descendants from Allen and DeKalb Counties alone were wearing the blue uniforms of the Union Army.

CHAPTER VII

FARMER, PROSPECTOR, SOLDIER



Of the seven children born to George and Rebecca De Long, James was the fifth, born in Ohio in 1833. He was five years old when the family moved to Indiana. He grew to manhood in Allen and DeKalb Counties, Indiana, securing the equivalent of an 8th grade education. During his years of adolescence he worked as a laborer, alternately on his father's farm, and for spending money hired himself out as an "extry" hand with neighboring farmers. Probably the smartest and most fortunate act of his relatively brief span of years was his wooing and winning the hand of Polly Dailey who developed into a woman of indominable courage, self reliance and long-suffering fortitude. She came from a long line of rugged pioneers who were at home equally with the Kentucky rifle and the woodsman's ax.

The first of the Dailey clan of record was John Dailey who, despite the name, gave his birthplace as Essen, Germany. He came to Stark County, Ohio, from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, served in the war of 1812 and died in 1823. His son Henry was born in 1783 and also served in the same war, dying in 1872. One of Henry's sons, George, introduced further rugged pioneer sinew into the Dailey strain

by marrying Julian Essig, one of 11 children of Simon and Julia Schneer Essig. They too moved to Stark County, Ohio, from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Stark County records indicate that Simon was born in the Switzer-Deutsch section of Switzerland, probably in the vicinity of Zurich. He served with distinction as a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

George and Julian Essig Dailey had nine children, three boys and six girls. Some were born in Ohio and some in Indiana where they moved to in 1845. They settled on a farm in Keyser Township, DeKalb County, Indiana, and remained there until George's untimely death.

Polly, one of the six Dailey girls, was nine years old when the family started the journey westward from Summit County, Ohio, by ox cart and covered wagon. The trip remained sharply etched in her mind until her death and she would reminisce about the incidents of the trip and the hardships suffered by the little band. Wolves were still a constant menace as were roving bands of Indians and highwaymen. Mother Julian had a brood of eight children to care for, including George, Jr., less than one year old but her courage never flagged for she shared with her husband the belief that somewhere beyond the horizon lay the Land of Gilead, a land of less toil and more milk and honey.

Although Ohio was penetrated by white settlers almost a half a century earlier and was admitted to the Union in 1803, outside of a few populous areas, mostly in the southern part of the State, vast areas were still winderness in 1845 with few settlers and roads that were no more than faint trails in the dense forest. At one point in the treck westward, according to Polly, the little caravan was held up for more than a month while the men folk cut down trees and made a corduroy road across an otherwise impassable swamp.

All six Dailey girls seemed to have been conditioned by nature to the pioneer environment into which they were born. Above medium build, big boned, albeit curvaceous, strong willed, they married young and had large families. Polly fortunately had the stamina and stoicism to trod the rugged marital trail that was to be blazed by her husband. After their marriage in 1853, they set up housekeeping on a farm in De Kalb County. In contrast to Polly, James was frail in stature, and ill suited to the daily routine of wresting a living from the soil. On more than one occasion he rebelled against the endless cycle--sowing, reaping; sowing, reaping. The wonder and mysteries of the soil were lost for him. While farming was James' main occupation during his life he did not love his exacting mistress and she returned his indifference in kind. He never acquired, either by inheritance or industry, fertile acres but grubbed away on marginal land that yielded a niggardly return for all his efforts. Despite his limited schooling he had an intellectual capacity well above average and had he been born 100 years later and exposed to present-day educational opportunities, he no doubt would have moved with ease into the professions--business, politics or teaching. In fact, he did for a time teach 'singing geography.'

As it was he remained chained to the plow, the scythe and the adz, and with the exception of two abortive adventures there he remained until his early death. By 1859, six years after his marriage, he had sired three children. One died in infancy. In that year he formed a partnership with one C. Blackburn and according to family tradition headed for the gold fields of California. But that did not appear plausible or in character as gold was first discovered at Sutter's Mill, California in 1848, and during the intervening period the gold producing claims were pretty well staked out and the nuggets gathered up by the lucky prospectors. It appeared rather that his destination from the beginning was Colorado where he wound up.

In making preparations for the trip, infants George and Sylvia were farmed out to Julian Dailey De Long, Polly's Mother. While the trip by this time could have been made by rail and stagecoach, partners De Long and Blackburn elected to make the journey by covered wagon. According to James' diary, on August 25, 1859 he purchased a "certain cart" for $5.50. Subsequent entries are made in his diary covering purchases of provisions for the trip. They included "one wagon box and bows and cove, molasses, coffee, flour, candles, tobacco, sassafras, salt, one bed with quilt and pillows, spider, frying pan, coffee pot, three tin plates, bread pan, shovel, pick, three knives and forks, ten books, scissors, ammunition, four augurs, tea kettle, stocking yarn, one paddle, one pair mittins, two pairs of boots, one hatchet, five lbs. of nails, ink, scales, log chain, watch and one mug and one-half gallon."

According to his diary they reached Colorado in early December, 1859. For some never explained reason, Polly accompanied her husband as far as St. Louis where she detached herself from the venture and remained for one year doing housework for a living. She would never go into details about the adventure, probably because it was a dismal failure and used up the family's meager savings. She returned to Indiana in 1860 and moved in with her Mother to await the return of her prospector husband.

On December 1, 1859 James made the following notation, "Commenced work for Rodman, Clark and Earl for two drained lots in Colorado." May 1, 1860, "In on claim 141." His last entry was dated August 21, 1860 which covers a period of nine days and an outlay of $24.00 for 'land meals' which was probably a chuck wagon catering to prospectors. There his diary broke off and he did not return to it until a year later when he was back with Polly and family in Indiana.

No man admits to failure, even in the pages of a personal diary and there is no precise clue as to how his adventure as prospector turned out but chances are he returned to Indiana a wiser but poorer man. That despite the fact that Colorado at that time was the bonanza state. His diary offered no clue either as to what happened to his partner, Blackburn.

James took up farming once more, augmenting his cash income by hiring himself out to his neighbors. One of his entries was:

"For scoring timber at 1 cent per foot.
November 29, 8 logs.....$1.64
November 30, 5 logs..... 1.50
December 1, 5 logs..... 1.50
December 3, 5 logs..... 1.50
December 4, 5 logs..... 1.50"

"Scoring timber" consisted of squaring the logs off so they would more easily fit into the building they were used for. That was done with an adz and was probably the hardest day's work a man could undertake.

A few years earlier a countryman in a neighboring state laid aside his adz and rail-splitting ax and took up the study of the Law. His name was Abraham Lincoln who by this time had won the Republican nomination for President of the United States and was campaigning against Stephen Douglas for the office. The issues of slavery and preservation of the Union were squarely joined in the 1860 campaign for Presidency. Lincoln left no doubt in anyone's mind where he stood on both issues. He won over Douglas in the November election by a 500,000 plurality. While his election calmed the North, it infuriated the South. Between the time of the election in November, 1860 and March, 1861, when he took office, several Southern states had seceded from the Union. On April 11, 1861, Fort Sumter, South Carolina was attacked by Southern

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forces and capitulated. That was the spark that touched off the following four years of bloody conflict between the North and the South. From the time of Lincoln's election and his inauguration, President Buchanan did nothing to prevent a clash of arms. Lincoln, initially, was willing for the South to retain its slaves, but he was adamant on the subject of preservation of the Union. Immediately on receiving news of Fort Sumter, he issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers to serve in the Union Army for a period of three months. The short duration of service still reflected the feeling prevailing in the North that the Rebellion would be short lived.

Since his return to family and farm in Indiana during the middle of 1861 James became more and more preoccupied with the ebb and flow of events on the battlefields in the South. By mid 1863 he could no longer remain aloof and on July 18, 1863 he enlisted as a Private in Company D of the 118th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers for a period of six months. The Regiment was under the command of Captain Buchanan. In later years Polly was quoted as saying he enlisted as a substitute for one of his brothers-in-law, who had been drafted, in return for promised payment of $200.00 to Polly and a further promise to look after her and her family during James' absence. By September of that year he was seeing active duty with his Regiment on the Cumberland River in Kentucky.

James was not a farmer, nor a prospector. As it turned out neither was he a soldier. His brother Solomon rose in the Union Army ranks to a Lieutenant-Colonel but James remained a Private throughout the war. He saw action almost immediately after enlistment. The grand strategy of the North in the conduct of the war was to seize control of the Mississippi River basin; then to gain control of the center, march to the sea, thus cutting the South in two and finally with a badly crippled Confederacy, force Lee's surrender in the East.

In mid-July Grant captured Vicksburg, opening up the entire Mississippi for the North, considered by many military strategists as the turning point of the war. He was now called upon by President Lincoln to duplicate his success in defeating Confederate forces in the center. The North's fear of General Lee and his forces had been dissipated by the Battle of Gettysburg which resulted in Lee's defeat and his hasty retreat south into Virginia. The key to the Confederate's hold on the center was Chattanooga, Tennessee, firmly in Rebel hands. In June, General Rosecrans, encamped outside Murfreesboro, Tennessee for six months, moved his forces across the state to Chattanooga. Confederate Generals Bragg, Longstreet and Hood commanded the Southern forces defending Chattanooga and by a series of brillient maneuvers placed the Union Army on the defensive and by cutting their supply lines brought them close to starvation. Rosecrans in consequence was replaced by General Thomas and the latter part of October General Grant arrived on the scene, reopened the line of supplies and replenished the troops with ample food and ammunition.

James De Long and his Regiment were in the thick of the struggle for Chattanooga that ensued, known as the Battle of Chattanooga which lasted three days. In addition to General Thomas, with Grant there were three of his ablest generals: Sherman, Sheridan and Hooker. The latter on the second day of battle carried Missionary Ridge with an assist from Thomas and Sherman. On the third day all of Lookout Mountain, key to control of Chattanooga, was in Union hands with Confederate General Bragg in full retreat southward. With Kentucky and Tennessee now firmly in Union hands, the theatre became relatively quiet and James saw no further action of consequence. That was well as by now he was a sick man. In a post-war application for disability pension, one year before his death, it appears he became ill almost immediately after enlistment. His application stated, "On the 10th of

September, 1863, after a hard day of forced march, being drenched with excessive and hard rain and having to stand in and lay down in water, was attacked with a disease called 'Bilious feaver' which prostrated me for a period of about three weeks. And being entirely made to do duty for about three months, affecting lungs and throat and affected head with a disease said to be Catarah. Sent home as an invalid on furlough about the 25th of February, 1864, still afflicted with the effects of the disease."

He refused to enter an Army Hospital and was nursed back to health by Polly during the summer months of 1864. So effective were her ministrations that on September 2, 1864 he was drafted, passed his physical and placed in Company H of the 53rd Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. Unbeknowns to him the war was winding to a close. During the summer of 1864 Sherman completed the strategy of the center by pushing his forces from Tennessee to the Sea, thus cutting off Lee and his forces in Virginia from vital food supplies and other materials of war. In March of that year Lincoln, noting General Grant's ability to win battles made him Commander-in-Chief of the Union Army. When protests were made to President Lincoln over Grant's elevation on the grounds that he drank a quart of whiskey a day, Lincoln is reported to have replied, "Issue each of my Generals a quart of whiskey a day." In Washington, Grant immediately set about developing his military strategy to bring Lee to heel. Pockets of Confederate resistance still existed throughout Union Army occupied territory with some Union forces remaining on hand to prevent any major attempt at Confederate takeover. While the Battle of Chattanooga placed a large area of the central south in the uncertain hands of Union forces, General Hood with a sizeable force remained poised to retake key points, including Chattanooga itself and intermittent forays against Union positions, particularly supply lines, nearly accomplished his purpose.

Upon his reentry into the Army in November, 1864, James resumed his diary. As so much of the history of the Civil War has been portrayed around and through the eyes of generals, statesmen, and politicians, James' diary is noteworthy because it was the common soldier's, the foot soldier's view of the war, James De Long's Rank? Rear rank, Number 3.

November 1, 1864 - Left Kendalville in the evening and laid at the crossing till morning.
November 2, - Arrived at Indianapolis late in the evening and went into camp.
November 4, - Was in camp.
November 5, - Was in camp all day and it rained.

In the Fall of 1864, President Lincoln stood for re-election with Andrew Johnson as his running mate. Efforts were made to get out a large vote and Union soldiers were given furloughs to return to their homes to cast their ballots. James made the trip of approximately 150 miles from camp in Indianapolis to his home and ballot box:

November 7, - Went home on furlough to vote.
November 8, - Rode out from Ft. Wayne with Lockwood and staid overnight with Andrew Dailey.
November 9, - Arrived home.
November 10,- Went to election.
November 11,- Ask hands to corn husking.
November 12,- Husk corn.
November 14,- Started for camp and went as far as Andrew Dailey.
November 15,- Went to Ft. Wayne and took the train for Indianapolis and arrived there about 9 o'clock and was arrested and put in the guard house till the 22nd. Was relieved by paying our fare again and started for Peffic. Arrived there about 10 o'clock on the 23rd. Crossed over to Louisville about 2 p. m. and then took

the train for Nashville and had a good stove and better fare and arrived there on the 24th and stayed overnight at the Follcliffer House.

November 25, - Drew rations and started for Chattanooga.

November 26, - Passed through Murfreesboro and arrived there the morn of the 27th.

November 27, - Went into convent camp and drew rations of all kinds, even guns and accoutrements.

November 28, - Left Chattanooga for Dalton. Passed through Turmoil Hill and arrived at Dalton and was divided into squads and batallions.

November 29, - Moved into old fort on the hill east of town.

November 30, - Was in camp and some firing on the pickets.

December 3, - Was in camp and some of the boys burned a house outside of the line.

December 4, - Was on picket for the first time.

December 5, - Built quarters.

December 6, - In camp and news came that Hood had cut our communications.

December 7, - I built a chimney for our chebang.

December 8, - Drew rations and got only half rations.

December 9, - Was on picket and drew rations.

December 10, - Drew rations and got only 1/4 rations.

December 12, - Bought some bread to keep from starving.

December 13, - Was in camp and drew rations and some sauerkraut.

December 14, - Was warm and cloudy and had nothing to eat and it looks pretty hard.

December 16, - Was in camp and drew half rations.

December 17, - Drew half rations of hard tack and beef.

December 18, - Drew half rations.

December 19, - Drew half rations and much dissatisfaction and some stealing such as chickens.

December 20, - "Do" on half rations and its raining.

December 21, - On picket and acted as sargent of the post.

December 24, - Was on picket and we had all the corn bread we wanted and I acted as corporal.

December 25, - Was in camp and Sargent Clark went to Cleveland and bought us a half bushel of meal.

December 26, - Drew half rations as usual for six days.

December 27, - Went to Cleveland on the train as guard from our Battalion.

December 28, - Clear and cold. Got another bushel of meal for two dollars.

December 30, - Was down in town and bought some light bread.

December 31, - Was on picket. Acted as corporal on Post no. 1.

January 1, 1865 - Was in camp. It was cold and had a pot of mush and drew light bread for New Year.

January 3, - In Camp. Went out foraging and got some mutton, some honey and molasses and when I got to the picket the provo guard was there and arrested about 30 of us for foraging and took us to the Colonel's quarters and there we had to leave our forage and go to work on the rifle shift till 10 o'clock without anything to eat.

January 12, - Turned over utensils.

January 14, - Pulled up and left Dalton. Arrived at Cleveland and the engineer got drunk and ran off the track and broke down.

January 15, - Left in the night and ran about 22 miles and the cars stopped. I got out

and the train ran off and left me and I had to foot it to Chattanooga and got there just in time to get on again. Started for Nashville and passed through Bridgeport and Tullahama.

January 16, - Arrived at Nartrace and got breakfast and passed through Murfreesboro and 2 cars ran off the track some miles south of Nashville. Went into camp.

January 17, - In camp. Drew rations.

By mid-January 1865, General Grant had completed his major military plans for bringing the War to a close and secured President Lincoln's enthusiastic approval. As his plan called for a massive offensive move into Virginia, General Grant again showed his military genius by leaving nothing to chance in the way of superiority of manpower and material. He began calling in contingents from the hinterland, including the 53rd Indiana Volunteers, encamped outside Chattanooga. When the final battle was joined the Union forces numbered 111,000 foot soldiers and 13,000 cavalry to General Lee's 51,000 foot soldiers and 6,000 cavalry.

January 18, - Struck tents. At 7 A.M. marched through town to river. Got on board transport Emerald. Some drunk and fighting. Shoved off and ran about 5 miles and tied up.

January 19, - Started and ran past Donaldson (Fort Donelson) about 9 A.M. Arrived at Smithland and coaled. Started up the Ohio River.

January 20, - Ran all night past Henderson, Kentucky. Arrived at Evansville. Coaled and we drew rations. Left at sundown and ran past the Champion.

January 21, - Foggy and rainy. Ran within 5 miles of Albany and tied up on account of fog.

January 22, - Ran a short distance and tied up on account of fog. Fog cleared up at

noon and we ran on past the falls and came to Louisville. Cold weather here.

January 23, - Started up the river and drew rations.

January 24, - Arrived at Cincinnati and very cold weather.

January 25, - Moved up to the old shipside. Stayed on board that night without fire.

January 26, - Went down town and got dinner at Soldier's Home and got supper from a Citizen and it made me sick and had to vomit it up again. Stayed in the M.E. Church that night.

January 27, - Went and took breakfast again at the same place. Took dinner at the Soldier's Home and took supper with a gentleman by the name of John Everson.

January 28, - Left for Columbus by rail and arrived there the 29th about 8 A.M. and left for Crestline and passed through there about 12 A.M. and from there through Canton to Pittsburgh, arriving there about 9 P.M. and sent to Citizen's Hall and got supper.

January 29, - Left Pittsburgh at 12 A.M. and with good fires in stove for Baltimore.

January 30, - Passed several towns and sometime about 5 P.M. passed Harrisburg. Arrived at Baltimore about 9 A.M. and marched to Soldier's Rest and got dinner.

February 1, - Left for Annapolis. Ice very heavy and run slow.

February 2, - Arrived and changed boats and got on Alhambra.

February 3, - Was detailed as Corporal of the Third Relief of Provo Guard to guard rations. Snowing and Raining. Ran out into the harbor and anchored.

February 4, - Laying in the harbor.

February 5, - Drew anchor and pulled out down the bay.

February 6, - Arrived at Ft. Monroe.

February 7, - Out on the ocean and the wind

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blew a pretty good gale and the men got sick. Passed Cape Hatteras.

February 8, - About 4 A.M. and just escaped a heavy storm. Arrived at B'ft (Beaufort, N.C.) and the tide was so low could not get into the harbor.

February 9, - Raw and landed at Morehead. Went into camp and in about one hour took train to New Berne (N.C.). 530 Indiana Volunteers attached to Company A, 25th Mass. Volunteers, New Berne.

As Grant's pincers closed in on Lee and his army, the latter realized his only chance was to retreat southward and attempt to join forces with General Joseph E. Johnson in North Carolina. It was precisely for this reason that months previously Grant had decided to build up his Union strength in that area, placing General Sherman in command.

March 2, - Started on march for Kingston and it rained. Marched 18 miles.

March 4, - Went into camp on Cour Creek. Marched 12 miles and it was cold and cloudy.

March 5, - The Rebs fired on our Cavelry in the afternoon.

March 6, - Struck tents and marched forward up the B.R. three miles and filed left and went into camp and some skirmishing could be heard to the front.

March 7, - Was in camp till about 2 P.M. and still skirmishing could be heard closer and then we marched forward again and fell in line and fell front timbers for works through the night.

March 8, - The Rebs drove our skirmish line back and captured some prisoners and threw some shells over us all day.

March 9, - On skirmish line. Some firing to the right but all quiet on the left.

March 10, - On the skirmish line and about 11 A.M. they came in on us in three lines and drove us to our works. They

undertook to charge us but lead rained too fast for them and they gave way and we got about two hundred fires over and we raised and commenced cheering and then they drove in over skirmish in the center and tried the same trick there and kept it up till dark.

March 11, - All quiet except a little firing way to the right with the Reb rear guard. The Rebs fell back across the River and we lay in camp all day.

March 12, - All calm.

March 13, - All quiet again and some of the boys out foraging.

March 14, - Started for Kingston and marched up the river and the bridge was burned and we had to wait till the pontoons came up.

March 15, - The pontoons arrived about 11 A.M. and we crossed about 4 P.M. and marched up through town and it rained like torrents. Went into camp at the edge of town.

March 16, - Went out to get trees.

March 18, - Went out to get some forage. Got ham and sweet potatoes.

March 19, - Transferred back to old detachment.

March 20, - Marched for Goldsborough (N.C.)

March 21, - Marched into Goldsborough.

March 22, - Worked on picket.

March 24, - In camp and Grand Review.

March 25, - Got to our Regiment about 5 P.M. and went to Company H.

March 26, - In camp. Went to see David De Long (a nephew) and found him and several others.

March 27, - Was in camp and moved about 10 rods out on line.

March 28, - Went to the 100th and seen a good many of our boys from De Kalb.

March 29, - Was in camp and had dress parade for first time.

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March 30, - "Do" (ditto).
March 31, - Drew rations.
April 1, - In camp.
April 2, - Had to drill.
April 3, - "Do"
April 4, - "Do"
April 5, - David was over to see me and the other boys.
April 6, - We had word that Lee had left Richmond and was making for Danville (Virginia).
April 7, - Was in camp and could hear all kinds of tales.
April 8, - Was in camp and the same kind of news.
April 9, - Drew one loaf of heavy bread.
April 10, - Started on a march about 12 noon and marched 8 miles.
April 11, - Marched as train guard 15 miles.
April 12, - Was on march and heard that Lee had surrendered his whole army.

Three days earlier, April 9, 1865, General Lee had surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. The meeting was cordial as both were West Pointers and had served together in the Mexican War. But for James the conflict was not quite over for General Johnson, affectionately referred to by friend and foe as "Ole Joe", not fully realizing the hopeless position of the Confederacy was continuing the struggle.

April 13, - Marched 23 miles. Drew rations.
April 14, - Marched 19 miles through Raleigh about 4 P.M. and "Old Jo" retreating and the cavalry in close pursuit.
April 15, - Started after and was ordered back to camp again and the news is that Johnson has surrendered his army.
April 16, - Drew whiskey. Easter.
April 17, - Was in camp and heard that Lincoln was killed.
April 18, - News the same and out in force.
April 19, - Was in camp and had to move out

on line and I began to suspicion that "Old Jo" has not given in as yet and I feel sick.

By this time and unbeknown to James or the Army doctors, he had contacted tuberculosis which later was the cause of his death.

April 20, - The Raleigh paper confirms the death of our President.
April 21, - Drew 5 days rations.
April 22, - Got orders for inspection and I am not able for duty and I get excused.
April 23, - General Potts and Smith review our brigade.
April 24, - Grand Review by General Grant and Sherman and not able to go. My cough is too bad and my lungs are weak.
April 25, - Struck tents and laid till 12 A.M. and started to march on Johnson again. Found he had not surrendered. Marched 8 miles and went into camp.
April 26, - Ordered to march again at 6 A.M. and packed knapsack and the order was countermanded till 12 A.M. and when 12 came and no march yet and then the news came that "Old Jo" had actually surrendered.
April 27, - Marched back to our old camp and went into camp again.
April 28, - Washed some and laid in camp til evening and drew 3 days rations.
April 29, - Got marching orders at 8 A.M. and marched 10 miles through rough country and camped on the Neuse River.
April 30, - In camp and wrote a letter and mustered for the first time 2 days rations.
May 1, - Struck tent at 8 A.M. and got a letter from Ja. De Long. Started to march at 10 and passed through Forrestville at 11 A.M. Halted at College and took rest and dinner and resumed march at 1 P.M. and went into camp at six.

May 2, - Struck tent at 6 A.M. and marched at 7. Marched 5 miles and crossed the Far River. Rested. Resumed march and went within 2 miles of Henderson and went into camp at 5 P.M.

May 3, - Started on march before sunrise and had to fall out. I got arrested. Marched 23 miles.

May 4, - Started at 10 A.M. and marched 3 miles and went into camp.

May 5, - Started at 3 A.M. and marched down to Roanoke and laid there till 5 P.M. and then crossed over and marched 3 miles and went into camp. We then came into Virginia and marched 31 miles.

May 6, - Marched 24 miles and crossed the Nodavey River (Nottoway River) and drew rations about 12 A.M. in the night.

May 7, - Started at 3 A.M. and had to break the Rebel works of Petersburg for dinner and resumed our march and went into camp 3 miles west of town. Marched 18 miles.

May 8, - Started on march and went through town and crossed the Chowan River and marched 9 miles.

May 9, - Started on march at 3 A.M. and marched 15 miles to Manchester and went into camp south of town in sight of Richmond.

May 10, - Went to visit over in the 74th and came back and drew rations.

May 11, - In camp and washed shirt and drawers and in the evening was sent off for transportation and had to lay out in a heavy rain storm all night.

May 12, - Moved across the river into Richmond and passed Libby prison. Had to lay over for transportation in a negro house.

May 13, - Moved up to the wharf and laid there about two hours and went on board the steamer A. H. Bowen about 11 A.M.

and arrived at City Point about 2 P.M. and changed off on another boat called Warrior and it was crowded so that I could hardly find a place to sit down and shortly after we got on they shoved off.

May 14, - Still on the Warrior. Had a hard night's rest. Cold sea breeze.

May 15, - On the Warrior and slept on a bed of guns. Laid over about 50 miles below Alexander. Started about 4 A.M. and arrived at Alexander about 8 A.M. Landed at about 10 and marched out northwest of town 1-1/2 miles to camp.

May 16, - In camp all day and cleaned my gun.

May 17, - In camp all day and wrote a letter to my wife.

May 18, - Took a walk up the river and got a first view of the Capitol of the U.S. at a distance and came back to camp at 12 and got dinner. Had heavy rain in the evening.

May 19, - Got the diarrhia and laying around camp.

May 20, - Got breakfast and I and Connor went to hunt our Regiment and found them. I got a letter dated April 24th and sent back to camp and I had to move to our command. The weather was warm.

May 21, - In camp again and it has been raining all forenoon. Just got two letters.

May 22, - In camp and still raining. Cleared off about 12 noon and I washed a shirt and drew shirt, pants and blouse.

May 23, - Broke up camp at 7 A.M. and started to march for the city (Washington) at 8:30 A.M. and crossed the river about 9 A.M. and started on review at 9:30 and marched in Company front, up past the Capitol House and then filed left and past three other splendid building that I did not know and then passed on the left and came to where the

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reviewing officers were and it was a splendid sight and the greatest mass of people I have ever seen. Came off review about 1 P.M. and marched about 5 miles and went into camp.

May 25, - Cloudy and looks like rain. Clears off about 12 A.M. and the order comes to have all drafted men mustered out, that their time is out in September.

May 26, - Cloudy and rain. Same again and it rained all day and into the night.

May 27, - Still raining. All drafted men to be mustered out and no substitutes. News of the 17th A.C. "Best on Review."

There James' diary ends. He was mustered out in Washington, D.C. May 31, 1865 and returned to his family in De Kalb County, Indiana. The family by then consisted of George age 11, Sylvia 9, Samuel 3, and William 1 year; and of course, the indominable Polly, who with a neighbor's help, had completed the spring planting.

With his accouterments of war, James came up the dusty road from Kendalville to his farm north of Corunna, weary and dispirited. Polly quickly suspected the presence of the tuburculosis bug lurking in his chest and set about the hopeless task of again nursing him back to health.

In the remaining 12 years of his life three more children were born to James and Polly: Ira Allen, born 1866; Florence, born 1871; and Ada, born 1877. Death came to James on Christmas Eve, 1877.

De Long Family Reunion, 1913, at the Myril De Long farm, Dekalb County.

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De Long Family Reunion, 1913, at the Myril De Long farm, Dekalb County.

Polly - third from left, seated - and her "jewels."

CHAPTER VIII

GOING IT ALONE

In the year following her husband's death, Polly applied for a Civil War widow's pension which was granted. Also, by that time her children had begun to be of help to her in running the household and tending the farm. George, her eldest was 23, Samuel 16, William 14 and Ira 12. All were able to do a man's work in the fields. Feeling their unyielding acres had brought bad luck and unbountiful returns, Polly sold them and purchased an 80-acre farm in Steuben County, an adjoining county to the North. The farm, located eight miles west of Angola, the county seat, was a hilly, Godforsaken rock pile but the soil was more productive than that she had left in De Kalb County. Her sons who alternately sharecropped it managed to make a living for themselves and their families and supplied Polly with her basic needs.

Polly was proud of her Pennsylvania Dutch background and could speak the language fluently which she did when her sister, full of family gossip came to call. They would lapse easily into German because, no doubt, much of what they talked about was not for children's ears. Polly's comfort in her later years was her corn cob pipe which she puffed on intermittently throughout her

waking hours. She kept it replenished by giving one of her children a penny to walk the three miles to Flint for a large bag of Corn Cob tobacco. One of those bags she lined and that was where she kept all her money and trinkets, to be carried in a pocket of her apron during the day and tucked securely under her pillow at night.

Polly was not a 'visiting' woman. She loved company and to have her children and grandchildren about her but she never moved out of the house, even to shop in town. Her special delight was the Jewish peddlers who traversed the dusty roads of Steuben County, carrying on their frail backs enormous packs filled with dress goods, sewing essentials, silverware, handsoap, and trinkets. They were the bearers of goods and gossip, and were Polly's contact with the outside world. All her clothes had their origin in the gingham and calico bolts carried by these peddlers.

While not a Church goer, Polly in her own way was a devout Christian, spending much of her time in her later years pouring over the family Bible. As her rugged life had drained her of superfluous things in life, she read the Scriptures in the same manner she ate fish - she devoured the meat and threw the bones away. She took as her guide passages that applied to her daily life and those of her brood, sometimes improvising her own Scriptures to suit the occasion. Once one of her sons came to her in search of a loan, confessing that he had lost all his money in a poker game. "What will I do," he asked, "if you don't help me?" She turned him down with an admonishment of comfort to her alone. "The Lord temperth the wind that bloweth upon the shorn Lamb." Of this particular offspring who passed through life from one failure to another she observed, "His trouble is that he thinks he is sick when he sweats."

From the time of her marriage at 17 until her husband's death, she enjoyed the questionable blessings of matrimony a scant 26 years. During the period she had to go it alone much of the time while her husband was prospecting, soldiering or fighting the dread disease consumption. But she accepted the hand Fate had dealt her philosophically and without complaint, developing all the while a hard core of convictions that guided her, perhaps comforted her in her daily routine of survival. She did her household chores, tended her brood and found time to run her farm, becoming particularly adept at animal husbandry. If, for example, a sow pig threw a litter of 12 pigs, as frequently happened, and she had but ten functioning teats, Polly would methodically examine the litter, extracting two of the more puny and destroy them. They were the runts.

In her relatively short married life Polly gave birth to eight children. Two died in infancy. Now it's not known if she ever came under the influence of a contemporary, Charles Darwin, who advanced the theory of survival of the fittest, but if she did she surely agreed with him. When one daughter-in-law, during a reminiscence conversation, sought to console her on the loss of her two infants, she was bruskly hushed with, "They were runts." As there is no evidence that these infants were other than normal, as the grief that must have been hers faded with the years, she must have concluded and been comforted by the thought that they were not fit to perpetuate the species because of their sheer failure to survive their harsh environment.

She gave of herself as much as her nature would permit and expected the same from others, especially her blood relatives. When they failed her, she crossed them off her list, indelibly. One of her brothers was placed on her black list and she frequently explained why. "When my husband was in the War, I had to do all the work, including

chopping the wood for the fireplace. Almost every day my brother would pass my cabin, fishpole over his shoulder on his way to Long Lake. Not once did he offer to help. Not once did he drop me off a mess of fish. What earthly good is a relative like that?"

Polly remained on her Steuben County farm until her death in 1906. By then her family needed her no more, by her own lights she had fulfilled her alloted task in the Lord's Vineyard, lived out her Biblical span of three score and ten and gave up the Ghost with a willing Spirit.

CHAPTER IX

THE STOIC

Ira. Age 26

Ira Allen De Long was the sixth child of James and Polly. He was born in 1866 on the family farm North of Corunna, De Kalb County, Indiana, 11 months after his consumptive father had returned from the War. He was 14 when Polly moved the family from De Kalb County to Steuben County and already doing a man's work. At the age of 10 he dropped out of school when reading, writing and arithmetic failed to impress him with their importance to him in later life. He had finished, in a desultory fashion, the fourth grade. Both his ailing Father and Mother railed at him and tried to force attendance at the one-room country school house one mile away but to no avail. He had secreted a fishing pole on the banks of Long Lake which lay between the farm and the school house and when he was supposed to be at school, learning his three Rs, he was snaring blue gills from the deep waters of the lake. His day's catch which he proudly carried home somehow assuaged his parents' wrath and they finally gave up. There were no truant officers in those days but if there had been his efforts would probably have been as fruitless as were those of his parents.

As a consequence of his lack of formal educational training, throughout his life he read and wrote with great difficulty. His family never saw him write except on the occasion when he was required to sign his name, which he did laboriously and with evident reluctance. In later years he would puzzle over his weekly newspaper, "The Steuben County Republican" but it's doubtful that he grasped much of its contents.

In Steuben County he engaged in day labor on his Mother's farm and augmented the meager silver coins in his pockets, gingerly replenished by his Mother from her Civil War pension, by hiring out to neighboring farmers as a day hand. Like most youth of his time his first real possession was a horse and buggy which gave him greater mobility and enabled him to "go courtin" among the eager belles in the community. But this brought him face to face with his first crisis in his life. For in 1892 at the age of 26 the girl he was keeping company with informed him one night that she was in the family way. This was usually a sure fire husband trap into which most conscience-striken swains walked, knowingly and willingly. Most girls of easy virtue, upon getting in the family way selected the suitor most likely to make a good husband and pinned the blame on him. But in most cases, in all fairness to them, they were unsure. A ditty of the times recalls that, "Mary had a little lamb. She's going to have another. We don't know who the father is, but Mary is the Mother." Ira was skeptical about the good faith and accuracy of his accusor and did as many before him and since have done--he skipped across the State line into Michigan, 20 miles away. Fornication was not an extraditable offense. In later years, Ira learned the charge was false. His conscience was relieved.

In Michigan, Ira got a job as a cranesman on a steamshovel with the G.R. & I. Railroad,

building between points in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan South to Richmond, Indiana. In 'on line' Alpena he met and married Mary Jane Michaud, whose father, Napoleon Boneparte Michaud came from Quebec, Canada as a young man and ran a string of lumber camps in Northern Michigan. During the short space of four years, three children were born. Ira began to long to return to the soil in Indiana, and periods of yearning for his Mother, brothers and sisters caused him great unhappiness.

In 1899 while fishing through the ice on Thunder Bay, an arm of Lake Huron bordering upon Alpena, he felt a tap on his shoulder. Looking around, he was confronted by the Game Warden who demanded to see his fishing license. Ira had none and was presented with a summons. Throughout his life, Ira had an unreasoning fear of the law. Many years later he was subpoenaed for Jury duty and was visibly shaken when the dreaded summons arrived for fear he could not perform his duties without going to jail. In Michigan with the threatening summons in his pocket he took the sure way out. That night he bid a hasty adieu to his family and caught the first train for Indiana. He had come to Michigan as a petty fugitive and departed as one.

In Indiana, Ira went to work for his brother, Samuel Curtis as a farm hand. Once more he was contented. As a railroader he had a steady income and the work was not arduous but he had missed the Land, the rich rankness of a field newly manured; the sweet, damp smell of the soil in the Spring, pulsating with bursting seeds and stirring roots. He missed Nature's cycle of sowing, tending, reaping. He particularly missed the exciting gamble inherent in farming--planting seeds in the Spring that might not germinate, the battle with weeds, predators and uncertain rains during the growing season; and most of all, the

dollar value of the fruits of his Summer's toil, established in the Fall by some mysterious force he never quite understood.

One year he planted peppermint which failed to grow. Another year he planted popcorn and found no market in the Fall. Then, he tried his hand at a crop of onions and to eliminate the middleman, always under his suspicion, he shipped the crop to market himself. When the smoke had cleared he received a bill from the railroad for more than his onions had brought at market. That he blamed, as in all his ventures of doubtful results, on "The God damned Government!" The politicians in Washington were his whipping boys who shared all the blame for his economic woes.

When he had saved enough money he sent the railroad fare for his pregnant wife and three children who arrived quickly. They set up housekeeping in a two-room log cabin which he rented from his brother. They remained there for the next nine years during which time five more children were born. By 1908 there were seven living children ranging in ages from a few months to 13 years. Alva, a son born in Michigan, died of pneumonia, then referred to as 'lung fever,' shortly after the family's arrival in Indiana. Even by the standards of the times, the family's hardships were many.

Then came a windfall. Upon settlement of Polly's estate in 1907, each of her six surviving children received $800.00 apiece, more than Ira had expected and more than he had possessed in his lifetime. Better times were ahead, particularly for the children. They had appeared at two-year intervals, sometimes less, over a 13-year span. Many Jane, born into the Roman Catholic Faith, looked upon her brood as 'the Lord's Will'. Two more children were to arrive before early menopause mercifully came to the rescue.

Ira, while an agnostic, appeared to accept the size of his family alternately as a gift from heaven or the Devil's curse depending upon his passing moods. But he never complained when the burdens it imposed upon him seemed great or when the food on the table was insufficient to appease all appetites. Each morning during their time in the log cabin, he was up at the first rooster's crow, did his chores in the barn, had his breakfast, and then went to the fields. In the winter the only change in the routine was that he cut wood for the kitchen range instead of tilling the soil. In the evenings, after chores in the barn and the evening meal, supper, were completed he would bring out his cobbler's bench and tools and mend the children's shoes; a few stitches here, a half-sole there, and finally he would massage them thoroughly with skunk or goose grease to further preserve the leather. Mary Jane would sit quietly by, sewing, darning and mending so her brood would be presentable in school the next day. Ira took in stride the gentle ribbing he received from his neighbors about the size of his family. Indeed, his main satisfaction in life appears to have been his family and its size.

In 1909 Ira purchased a 40-acre farm nearby with the money he received from his Mother's estate. The house was frame and a far cry from the log cabin but scarcely more commodious as it contained only two bedrooms to accommodate Ira, Mary Jane and eight children. But it was a step up for the family--they were no longer 'shanties.'

Ira had a strong instinct for life and for survival. Basically he recognized the 'put and take' game of life and the rule that you take out what you put in. He was not greatly concerned with life's complexities, stoically accepting major setbacks and minor triumphs with little outward show of emotion. Apart from damning the Government for his lack of economic betterment, he appeared to equate his spartan life to his meager contributions and peacefully cashed in his chips with a faint smile on his lips. He died in 1941 at the age of 76.

CHAPTER X

THE MARTINET

Mary Jane. Age 24

Unlike her husband, Mary Jane was an extrovert. Her picture tube was never out of order. Her mind, her thinking processes, her emotions were projected sharp and clear. She was quick to make her position clear on every issue of the day and on every family problem that presented itself. She was a strict disciplinarian, forcing her noisy brood to tow the line during all their waking moments. In raising her family as in everything else, she was an actionist. She did not believe in sparing the rod. If the rod was not handy when someone got out of line, the broom or the mop would do. Like her husband she was not outwardly affectionate. Indeed, in the large and brawling family there was little overt manifestations of love and affection but it was there, just beneath the surface. In keeping with her French ancestry she built around her a closely knit family unit. Even after their marriage she encouraged her children to remain close by. She could never seem to understand, and complained bitterly when one moved more than a few miles away. Her children squabbled among themselves as children of spirit do but she was a stern arbitrator, meting out just and swift punishment to the guilty. But let an attack upon her family unit come from the outside and

she became a formidable adversary, taking the side of her cubs, right or wrong.

When Cliff, fourth in the family of ten children, was 12 years old an incident occurred which pointed up Mary Jane's abiding family loyalty. The lad became something of a freak in the family because of his avid interest in reading and book learning. As a consequence his grades in school were way above average and he became a travelling dictionary for useful and trivial information. Within the family he was 'Smarty Pants' and his extraordinary store of information gleaned from books he had read came to the notice of many outside the family. One night at supper one of his sisters, after listening to his oration on some subject completely alien to his environment took advantage of the rare moment of silence at the table and blurted out, "It's no wonder you are so smart. Herb Smith says you are not our real brother!" The silence that followed this pronouncement was louder than a clap of thunder. Mary Jane turned crimson. Ira uttered a gutteral grunt, half choking on the food in his mouth. As for Cliff, when the enormity of the accusation finally bore in on him, literally sank through the floor. Herbert Smith was County Superintendent of Schools and a former teacher of his.

Cliff went to bed that night, speaking to no one. Nor did he have a word for anyone the next morning. But before he took off for the fields he noticed his Father and Mother were making preparations for a trip. During mid-afternoon when he was plowing he looked up and saw his Mother approaching, her skirts hiked up to clear the freshly-plowed furrows. She came abreast of him, her black eyes still blazing and said, "You heard what your sister said at supper last night. Well, your Dad and I went to town today and talked to Herb Smith, the lying dirty dog, and made him admit that he didn't know what he was talking about and that he was lying. He told us he would be willing to come and apologize to you but I told him not to bother. I don't want him

on the place." That was all the reassurance Cliff needed and the incident was closed.

Ira, less concerned about such things and with little time for gossip mongers had an uneasy trip to town. But he gained, unadmittedly, satisfaction out of the episode and increased respect for his fiery mate. While Ira had a deep affection for Mary Jane and his brood he was extremely shy and taciturn about revealing his emotions. Mary Jane accepted this as one of her many Crosses but she was quick to respond to praise from her husband when it did come.

One day Ira and Cliff were making a pilgrimage to town in the lumber wagon. As usual the journey was frequently interrupted by neighbors along the road who would hail them down for a friendly visit. During the course of one of these conversations a neighbor boasted that they had had company for dinner the previous Sunday and his wife had baked two pies for the occasion. Ira's reply to this was, "Well, my Old Woman doesn't believe you have to wait for company to bake a pie for the family." That evening while Ira was doing the chores in the barn, Cliff relayed the exchange to his Mother. She flushed with pleasure. The following days, the family had pie for breakfast, dinner and supper.

In the De Long household discussion of sex was forbidden. The children's questions about the mating activities of the livestock in the barnyard and the fowl in the yards were quickly dismissed by Mary Jane with the stock admonition, "You will understand such things when you grow up." Occasionally, neighborhood women would pay a call on Mary Jane for an afternoon social. That called for sassafras tea, cinnamon toast and much small talk. On one of these visits, Mary Jane, to make conversation when the talk seemed to lag related to her guests the strange friendship which had developed between the family dog, Jack and a pet sow pig which had been raised by Cliff on the bottle. They were

inseparable companions in the barnyard and in the fields. That, the unbelieving neighbors wanted to see first hand. So the group repaired to the barnyard where Jack and the sow pig were cuddled up together in deep slumber. They awoke upon the approach of the group. Jack, having a theatrical streak in him was a show-off. Knowing he was the center of attention and believing something was expected of him, he did the most natural thing in the world--he mounted the pig from the rear and began pumping away furiously with the pig grunting docily. Of course the visit broke up hurriedly and the curiosity about the dog-pig relationship satisfied. Mary Jane was so humiliated and infuriated that it was only after much tearful pleading by Cliff that he was allowed to keep his pets.

Mary Jane was a direct actionist both in thought and deed. Her method of reasoning was never a complicated syllogism from major premise to conclusion. Effect always followed cause with no in betweens and no detours. When she was nine years old her Mother died. Sometime after, her Father remarried. His new bride had red hair. Mary Jane and her step-Mother did not take kindly to one another so Mary Jane grew up with an aversion to people with red hair. "Red-head's" she called them. When her brood were grown up and started keeping company she admonished each in turn, "Don't bring any red-heads into my house." Things finally came to a head when one of the girls did marry a red-head. It was not in Mary Jane's power to discipline a married daughter but she did remain aloof from her new son-in-law. When the grandchildren started to arrive, red-heads to be sure, Mary Jane's maternal instinct gained the upper hand and her allergy to people with red hair disappeared.

Mary Jane's father was a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat and this of course rubbed off on his daughter. Ira was a Republican and many a hot political argument took place between them. During

Grover Cleveland's second administration the country suffered a minor recession and Ira was able to secure 'out' work at a scarce fifty cents per day. Mary Jane then turned Republican and from that time forward would remind anyone who would listen that the Democrats were responsible for reducing her husband to the indignity of working ten hours a day as a laborer at five cents per hour; and that it was sure to happen again if the Democrats got in.

Mary Jane breast fed all her ten babies; nursed them back to health when they became ill; cooked, baked, canned and preserved; cleaned the house; and did the family wash every Monday, rubbing away on a zinc washboard immersed in a tub of hot water containing faint suds from homemade soap. She churned the butter, tended a brood of chickens, and still found time to work shoulder to shoulder with Ira and the other children in the fields. Around 11 A. M. she would squint at the sun, lay down her hoe and start to the house to fix dinner, the noon-day meal. She prided herself that her dinner bell, calling in her always-hungry brood, rang before that of her neighbors. She made all her children's wearing apparel when they were small and as they grew was constantly mending the rents in their clothes to avoid replacement of the whole garment. As her selection of patches from her small bundle of remnants was limited, frequently a yellow patch would show up on blue jeans. If the recipient protested, her stock answer was, "A bad patch is better than a good hole."

Mary Jane was left a widow in 1941 and her eldest son took over the management of her limited affairs. He sold the farm and bought a house for her in Angola. By this time somewhat affluent himself, and remembering her long life of privation, he had installed in the new home an indoor bathroom, the first one she had ever had; an oil burner, a modern kitchen. After she had lived there for a while he chanced to pay her a visit. After the usual greetings he looked about proudly at the modern conveniences and asked, "Mother, are you happy here?"

"Oh, I guess so," she replied. After puzzling a moment over her non-committal reply, he asked, "Mother, what was the happiest period of your life?" Without a moments hesitation, she replied, "When I was raising my family." While she did not rationalize further on the subject, it was obvious that she shared one instinct in common with all women with a fully-developed maternal instinct, to be needed! Giving of her heart and sinew even to the point of privation carried its own reward. She asked for no outward show of gratitude or affection from her brood, only that they all plowed a straight furrow which to Mary Jane was keeping out of trouble. After one of her frequent preachments to her assembled progeny she would end up by saying, "There will be no horse thieves in my family."

During the period when she was raising her family, doing the housework, darning, mending and frequently working in the fields alongside her husband and brood she was frequently told by neighboring women not to work so hard. Her stock reply to this was always, "Shucks. Hard work never kilt anybody." She was prophetic! Her lifespan came within eight months of 100 years.

CHAPTER XI

BREAKING THE MOULD

On September 26, 1899 in the log cabin west of Angola, county seat of Steuben County, Mary Jane interrupted her household duties, summoned her husband and remarked simply, "My time has come." Ira arrived with the county Doctor Nichols just before delivery. The Doctor performed his simple obstetrical duties, collected his usual $5.00 fee and departed. The boy was named James Clifford but it was not until he was 19 and registered for the draft in World War I that he was told of his real given name.

Through some genealogical Law of Nature, progeny usually do not rise above the intellectual level of the parent. The stubborn gene with an assist from environment steers the child along the pathway carved out by the parent with little deviation to the left, the right, or upward, particularly upward. But Nature is not perfect. "Low brows" are born to the erudite while some with an above average intellectual capacity emerge from the most humble ancestry. Cliff turned out to be one in this latter category. As he grew to manhood his hunger for "book lernin" was matched only by the not infrequent pangs of hunger in his stomach.

His first exposure to a formal education came at the age of six when he entered the Morgan School, a one-room structure located two miles from the log cabin. As he progressed from grade to grade his near term goal as with most farm youngsters became a much-coveted eighth-grade diploma issued by the County School Superintendent's office. The fortunate ones who made it usually framed their diploma, hung it in the parlor, then spit on their hands and went to work. High School was for "city kids", College a vague, far away place where wealthy youngsters trained to be Doctors, Lawyers and Professors. Yet despite numerous setbacks, intervals of day laboring, teaching, house-to-house selling and three times a school "drop-out," Cliff graduated from the University of Michigan School of Business Administration in 1924. When asked how he did it, he would answer simply, "People helped me."

A cold, blustery day in March, 1914, remained vivid in his memory. He had entered the eighth grade the previous Fall but after one month was told by his Father he had to quit school to help with the winter wood cutting. Ira had developed rheumatism which severely restricted his physical activity. Their rhythmic pushing and pulling on the cross-cut saw in the back yard on this day was suddenly interrupted when Ira looked up and exclaimed, "Look who is here. Wonder if this means trouble." Glancing around Cliff saw his former eighth grade teacher approaching. His heart skipped a beat because there was talk around of a new truant officer. But no. After the usual greetings, the teacher stated his mission. "Cliff," he said, "If you can come back to school this Spring, I am sure you can get your eighth grade diploma." He had walked the three miles from the schoolhouse with the invitation. Cliff looked at his Father questioningly. "Well," Ira said, "my rheumatism is better and I guess we have wood enough, so if you want to go back, why go ahead."

Even during attendance in High School which was made possible by indenturing to a farmer close to a High School which called for doing chores morning and evening, farm work Saturdays and Sundays and Summer vacations in exchange for room and board, a High School Diploma was the ultimate goal. But near the end of his senior year he was called into the Principal's office and was informed that on the basis of his scholastic record he had earned a scholarship to the State University. This seed germinated and in the Fall he took off for Indiana University with $40.00 in his pocket and no winter overcoat. A proud moment indeed when he returned home the following June with passing grades and his original $40.00. This was quickly dissipated when he found lightning had struck the barn, burning it to the ground. No insurance, of course. The summer was spent in building a new barn with the help of neighbors and Cliff's $40.00. The completed barn was an accomplishment but Cliff's prospects were dim. But once again a "helping hand" came forth from a former teacher who came to the farm one Sunday just before the Fall School term was to begin. A teacher was needed in the Flint School and on the basis of his year in College, he was eligible. He applied, was accepted, resumed his indenture with the same farmer, was paid $960.00 salary for eight months teaching and the following Fall entered the University of Michigan with an $800.00 nest egg.

Knowing his "stake" would not last too long, he immediately became a "working" student, during the ensuing three years alternately working between classes and school terms as a dish washer, house-to-house salesman, running a milk route and delivering the Michigan Daily which called for rolling out of bed at 5 A. M. and delivering the paper to dormatories and fraternities and sorority houses. His earned income plus frequent loans from University Scholarship Funds and borrowings from relatives and friends at home carried him through to graduation.

With his diploma tucked securely under his arm he looked around. Unlike his early forebearers who were beckoned by the tall timbers of the West he turned his face to the tall spires of Manhatten where he was told talent, determination and hard work were quickly recognized and handsomely rewarded. Certainly, he argued, the going in New York, using the tools he had acquired, could not be rougher than it had been in acquiring them. And that turned out to be true.

Many times during his pre-school and school days he bemoaned his lot in having to run so demanding an obstacle course laid down by his impoverished background but as he was drawn more deeply into the vortex of his business career it dawned on him that surmounting obstacles was the very essence of a purposeful life, the open sesame for material progress. Once this fundamental truth was fully understood and accepted as a way of life, the going became progressively easier and before his business career ended he had broken the poverty chain that had shackled his forebearers for countless generations. Once his goal was reached he returned to the Land, yielding to the call of Nature whose voice was never muted by the urban din.

Author's Note: This book is not intended to be an autobiography. The foregoing chapter, Out of the Mould, has been included to encourage today's youth to seek a higher education, regardless of family circumstances. It has been my observation, working my way through college and in later life that those who really belong in college are those whose parents cannot afford to send them there.

CHAPTER XII

CHARACTERS AND CUSTOMS

Doc Nichols

The rural Indiana community around the turn of the century boasted a Doctor who maintained his office and home in Flint. He attempted to minister to the needs of the entire Township of Jackson but found time to make house calls only in the case of dire emergency or childbirth. Home remedies handed down by word of mouth through successive generations were much in use. Tincture of iron and glycerine for sore throats, poultices made from crushed Flag roots for quinsey and tonsilitis, a concoction of grated raw potatoes and raw eggs to bring to a head boils and carbuncles. In the Spring, molasses and cidar vinegar were taken as a tonic. Of course, every medicine cabinet was full of patent medicines, widely advertised in the farm journals as nostrums for all human ailments from colds to cancer. Nearly all contained a high mixture of alcohol so after the first copius dosage the patient was sure he had at last found the elixir of life which he cherished until his binge wore off.

When the children began to feel puny the first attempted cure was a physic, using either castor oil or Epsom Salts. The latter, dissolved in a pan of hot water was also in use to cure inflammation. For pneumonia, referred to in those days as 'lung fever', liberal applications on the chest of skunk grease, extracted from the fatty

tissue of the polecat were recommended. In severe or obstinate cases that substance was spooned down the patient's throat. As it lost little of its original aroma and flavor, the patients who recovered probably did so from revulsion of the cure rather than from its miraculous curative properties.

Ira was a chronic sufferer from tonsilitis. It usually hit him during the winter months despite the fact that he always let his whiskers grow in the winter to protect his throat. Tonsillectomies were unheard of so the chronic sufferers bore their cross in silence. At the first sign of a sore throat Ira would begin his routine of gargling with tincture of iron and glycerine, then hot salt water, sometimes raw kerosene. When those failed he would take to his bed, pack his throat with a bag of crushed Flag root and wait patiently until his throat 'broke'.

For years he also suffered periodically from rheumatism in his right hip. He finally hit upon a palliative for that ailment which turned out to be a cure but almost cost him his life. After the family retired for the night Ira would remove all his clothing in the living room, open the door of the wood-burning stove, heat up his hip to "open the pores," then apply alcohol to the afflicted part. One night in the dead of Winter Ira was completing this routine when a spark from the open flames of the stove ignited the alcohol on his hip and in an instant he was aflame. His roars of fright awakened the family who succeeded in smothering the fire before he was too badly burned. He took to his bed, vowing never again to resort to the alcohol cure. But that was not necessary. For the rest of his life he never had another twinge of rheumatism.

Through those routines of self help, self medication, nostrums, cure-alls and patent medicines moved Dr. Nichols. He was tolerant of all hand-me-downs and Indian medical nostrums, and indeed, in some cases looked with favor upon them. He was a quiet, rotund, dedicated general

practitioner. Though somewhat short on medical expertise by today's standards, he was long on understanding of human nature. His manner or presence at the bedside and his way of clearing his throat upon completing examination of a patient, reassured and cured as much as his prescriptions. He would minister to any complaint. If a leg required amputation, Doc would saw it off. If teeth required attention, Doc would extract the culprit molar. He even tended to a malady which in those days was referred to as an inflammation of the bowels, later to be known as appendicitis. He travelled constantly throughout the countryside in a horse and buggy in the summer, and bundled up in a great fur coat, fur cap, fur mittens, and buffalo robe and rode in his sleigh in the Winter. Even during epidemics that kept him making his visits on a round-the-clock basis he never refused a call. If he knew he was needed, he was there sooner or later. His fee for an office call was $.50 including a free prescription. House calls were $1; delivery of a baby $5 which included two follow-up calls. Even at that scale, only about half of his fees were ever paid although he was kept well supplied with wood for his stove, eggs, butter, fresh meat and an occasional plucked goose for the holidays.

Cliff developed a warm, personal affection for Doc Nichols. When he was around 13 the most frightening experience of his life occurred. He started having wet dreams and no one having told him of their significance, he was sure he was headed straight down the drain. That conviction became fixed in his mind when he chanced to read in one of the Fort Wayne newspapers an advertisement signed by a Dr. Marner. It was headlined, "Loss of Manhood," and it described all of Cliff's symptoms. He sent off a precious $1 for a bottle of the magic elixir and in great secrecy consumed its contents per the directions, but his strange affliction persisted. Finally in great fear and trepidation he paid a call on Dr. Nichols. With downcast eyes and blushing furiously he confessed

in quivering voice his trouble. In his time he has been stirred by the sounds of great symphonies, jaza bands and the music of concert virtuosos but the sweetest music he ever heard, before or since, was the roar of laughter that interrupted his shamefaced confession. "Son," he said, "You are getting to be a man, and what is happening to you is a sure sign of good, normal health." Doc Nichols went on to explain to Cliff the mystery of puberty, refused to take the proffered $.50 fee, patted him on the back and sent him off. Cliff left his office and on the three-mile trek home he wasn't conscious of his feet touching the ground once.

Dr. Nichols' wife Flora, called Flory by the members of the community was a great help and comfort to him throughout his lifetime. She was a perfect doctor's wife. Flory was 300 pounds of bubbling joviality. At funerals, which she frequently attended, she assuaged the grief common at such occasions. Her ready wit, and sometimes her bawdy humor, were as health-giving as her husband's medications. To waiting patients Flory not only dispensed good cheer but in the Doctor's absence she administered simple remedies which frequently were all that were needed. Those long waits in the Doctor's office usually occurred when he was on a stubborn maternity call. He always stood loyally by in such cases to encourage normal delivery. Only as a last resort did he employ the forceps or a Caesarean. By today's standards of obstetrics Dr. Nichols' experience, training and equipment were woefully inadequate but his batting average was high. He had an imposing array of obstetric instruments on display in a glass case in his office which he treasured highly. That display was not pleasing to Flory for it frequently turned conversation to a painful subject with her. Why hadn't she, wife of a doctor, never had any children? She had a ready answer. Slapping her enormous girdleless thighs and with a chuckle bubbling up from her flatulent belly she would reply, "Doc's got the tools but he ain't got the tool."

Ira, The Fiddler

In rural areas of Indiana shortly after the turn of the Century there was no electricity, few telephones and no wireless. But there was music in the De Long log cabin, at least, for Ira was a fiddler. He played the violin as did his forebears. As he could not read music, he played by ear; and while not an accomplished violinist, he was the best "fiddler" in the community. His notes were loud, true and clear and he beat out his rhythm by thumping his right heel on the floor. He prided himself on the fidelity of his notes which required a good ear and much practice as the violin keyboard has no frets. Occasionally, in learning a new tune he would hit a sour note, grimace, pause in deep thought for a moment then practice the passage over and over again until it was mastered. While the entire family was musical, all had good voices and could carry a tune, Cliff was the only one who mastered his Father's fiddle and as early as 10 years of age could play along with him and believed himself as accomplished although his fiddling never evoked any praise from Ira which was a great disappointment and puzzlement.

The community boasted many fiddlers, but Ira was always much in demand not only because he was a good fiddler but had an almost inexhaustible repertoire and he turned his accomplishment to a profit at the country square dances. He had also trained himself in calling changes in the dance routine without interrupting his playing. Most combination fiddler-callers had to stop playing while they called out the changes. Not Ira. He was very proud of this special talent and the highest compliment you could pay him was to comment on this accomplishment. In addition to the standard calls of "shashay," "Circle to the right, circle to the left," etc., Ira's repertoire included such homilies as "Grab your partner by the craw and swing her round ole Arkansas," or "Rope the cow, brand the calf, swing your sweetheart once and a half."

His selections included "Moony Musk," "Devil's Dream," "Irish Washerwoman," "Pop Goes the Weasel," and many others in vogue. He also had a storehouse of tunes picked up from his Father and others which he knew only as a 'waltz,' 'schottishe,' or 'polka,' etc. Some of these were highly complicated composition involving changes in key and tempo and were difficult to memorize, so much so that companion fiddlers at square dances gave up trying to follow him and would end up playing second fiddle.

Country dances were popular during the winter months and attracted young and old. However, many of the church-going folk were very much against dancing in any form. Whether that was Puritan aversion to pleasure or the sinful atmosphere of the dance hall was never clear. Probably a bit of both for square dancing did add zest to an otherwise drab winter and the affairs frequently spawned brawling, usually induced by over indulgence in corn liquor. "Corn" was not allowed in the dance hall so the jug was left outside in the buggy or hidden in the grass if you came afoot. As the dance progressed, the merriment increased directly proportional to access to the jug.

Square dancing brought all the muscles of the body into play and it was properly done by the Indiana farm folk. The result was that the exercise coupled with the effects of the liquor soon caused the men to shed their jackets and sometimes neckties, but never their shirts as the crowning glory of every man's garb was his gallouses which came in many patterns and colors. Many came to the dance in their only pair of shoes or boots carrying faint traces of dung from the barnyard. Few bathed in the wintertime and as the evening wore on the stench of perspiration and cow dung could be overwhelming, even for the dancing merrymakers. At that point the lead fiddler would call it an evening. Some would protest but the word of the lead fiddler was law. He ran the dance, could banish couples from the floor,

which he frequently did, and bring the dance to an end for one of many reasons. As the dancers filed out of the hall the fiddlers would play "After the Ball." Ira fiddled at home and at square dances until he met his peer, Alva A. Edison's phonograph. Then he quit. He was through. So were square dances which, like the horse and buggy, gradually faded away under the impact of the canned music.

When Cliff was around eight he heard from a visiting relative that a cousin, eight miles away, had bought an Edison phonograph. That he had to see and he hectored his Father until one cold January day they trudged through two feet of snow, cutting cross lots, across the fields to shorten the distance. The cousin had two records which he played over and over again. One was a humorous monologue by Josh Billings and the other a song, "Red Wing," sung by Ernie Hare and Ada Jones. The machine was a marvel to both Cliff and Ira.

Aunt Hattie

Throughout most of her life Aunt Hattie was a woman perpetually and desperately in search of Salvation. During the course of much of her life, which mercifully was not too long she joined and backslid from every church denomination in the county, and they were legion. She was not only a searcher after religious truth but something of a crusader as well for she no sooner embraced the tenets of a new sect than she proceeded to spread it to all who would listen to her and many less willing.

The particular target of her religious fervor was Ira, her husband's nephew and, to her, the embodiment of all disbelievers and in charge of the forward ramparts of Satan himself. Although he was a kindly and tolerant man, to Aunt Hattie his soul was more in danger of brimestone and Hellfire than the souls of the Hottentots in darkest Africa.

To make things worse, Aunt Hattie was a near neighbor and so would show up at the farm at unexpected intervals, always around suppertime. That was accepted by Mary Jane as a matter of course for while the fare was simple it was at that time abundant and another place at the table was all that was needed.

Saying Grace at mealtimes only happened when Aunt Hattie came and sometimes proved embarrassing for if she had a full head of religious steam Ira's impatience and hunger would get the upper hand and he'd start to pass the food before her final 'A-men.' Mary Jane used to rail at her husband for that but it seemed to make his patience no greater or his hunger any less.

After the dishes were washed and chores done all would gather in the living room to listen to Aunt Hattie preach. If she happened at the time to be a Holy Roller or some other sect that emphasized the 'Word' with gymnastics, then the evening became considerably enlivened. Ultimately, however, Aunt Hattie would focus her attention on Ira who would utter not a word throughout her strident tirade--he would merely rock back and forth in his favorite rocking chair, stroke his mustache, and chew tobacco. His imperturbability would finally overcome Aunt Hattie, who would break down in a violent fit of weeping and without a word of 'good-bye' to anyone pack off home, Bible clutched to her ample bosom.

Long after she died, relatives learned of an incident in Aunt Hattie's life that might explain her fervent quest for Salvation for herself and others. She married Uncle Dan when she was 18 and he was 65. It must be assumed, particularly by biological standards, and from information obtained from the lusty farm folks of Indiana in those days that the marriage was not much of a success. After a few years of living with Uncle Dan there must have come home to Aunt Hattie--who had a natural longing

for a family of her own--a longing that was fulfilled in a buggy ride home with the Minister one moonlit night.

She had charitably helped out for a time in the Parsonage as mid-wife and housekeeper on one of the recurring blessed events in the Minister's household. On the ride home in the Parson's buggy, Aunt Hattie confessed to the great void in her life which apparently had a profound and desired effect on the Preacher after months of abstinence from the marital bed.

Uncle Dan for his part accepted the turn of events in his household with good-natured fortitude, at least when the neighbors joshed him about it. He loyally carried Aunt Hattie's secret to his grave and cared for his bastard son as if he were his own.

Uncle Hi

The rolling prairie land of Indiana slumbers between the Great Lakes to the North and the Ohio River to the South. It is the heartland of the Middle West. During the early part of the 19th Century its forests rang with the sound of axes of the early pioneers, carving out trails that were to accommodate the vast migratory trek from East to West. Across its borders lumbered the Conastoga Wagon, the Indian Scout, the Frontiersman with his Kentucky rifle and coonskin cap, beckoned Westward by the rich promise of free land, abundant wild life, gold and adventure.

Steuben County lay athwart one of the most famous of these East-West trails and as late as the turn of the Century the flow of restless pioneers, although reduced to a trickle compared with earlier days, was still in progress.

Most who came trudged the dusty road that was later to become U. S. Highway Route 20. Some would pass through the County, hitching rides in

lumber wagons and buggies driven by local farmers--who always welcomed the chance to talk with a stranger from the East. Some, low in cash, would explore the side roads in search of temporary work. Most came from far away New England, Vermont - New Hampshire - Maine, and were usually short of speech, dour and reticent to the point of surliness when the conversation turned to their own background. They were accepted on their own terms.

One of those migrants was Hiram Smith who came one summer during haying season and, unlike his fellow wayfarers, stayed on as a "handyman" until he died. Hi Smith, or Uncle Hi as he came to be known, was from Vermont. That much was known --nothing more. Although a man in his late fifties he was wizened and old looking, an impression that was heightened by the fact that he did not have a tooth in his head. To the day he died he refused all offers of 'store boughten' teeth. He was lantern jawed with a sharp, protruding chin. One of Uncle Hi's vices was chewing tobacco, which he did constantly during his waking moments. He would tackle a fresh chew with an air of abstract concentration, gumming away furiously, describing an oval arc with his lower jaw, accompanied by an infinate variety of changes in facial expression. One of the great mysteries about Uncle Hi and his tobacco habit - while he chewed his cud furiously and constantly he never spit. As the years passed his complexion turned more and more saffron and when he labored in the fields and perspired he exuded the aroma of a tobacco patch on a sultry August night.

While Uncle Hi moved from neighbor to neighbor, depending upon work opportunities, his base of operations was with a widow, Asafin Baxter who lived on a neighboring farm she took over upon the untimely death of her husband. She rented out her fields to various farmers in the community until she fell victim to a blabber mouth. One day he was overheard asking the widow's share cropper, "Can Asafin still make a man's eyes blink?" This remark

got around and it suddenly dawned on the matrons of the community that the widow had more to offer than her fields. Uncle Hi moved in and filled the void.

One of Uncle Hi's many talents was putting up dill pickles. These were staples during the long winter months. During the season when the dill weed and pickles came in they were stored in casks, kegs and barrels which were "headed down" and rolled out in the sun to ferment. While the recipes used by all farmers were all the same - pickles, dill, salt, wild grape leaves and water, for some unknown reason the spoilage was high, some farmers throwing away their entire supply. Not so with dill pickles put up by Uncle Hi. They all came out firm, amber and completely permeated with the dill flavor. When queried on his recipe he would speak mysteriously of his secret ingredient which he refused to divulge. One day when Uncle Hi was engaged in putting up a barrel of dill for a farmer, the latter decided to spy upon him to discover this secret ingredient. Uncle Hi began the procedure in the usual manner - a layer of dill, a layer of pickles, salt and grape leaves, following this routine until the top of the barrel was reached. When the barrel was filled with water and ready for heading, Uncle Hi gazed furtively about him, then stepped back a pace and squirted a full mouthful of tobacco juice into the contents. He then sealed the barrel, rolled it out in the sun, collected his wage and departed. This of course got around and his career as a dill pickler ended.

Uncle Hi was a sage but earthy philosopher who gazed out upon the passing scene with amused tolerance mixed with a pinch of cynicism. Of a local politician known to his opponents as "Windy" Bill, Uncle Hi observed, "Leave the Ass alone and he'll slay himself with his own jawbone." Once a local renegade was caught for horse stealing. Some of the old timers were for stringing him up. Not Uncle Hi. Knowing the man would henceforth be an outcast he advised, "Hanging is too good for him. Just kick his Ass and let him go."

Uncle Hi was a great story teller. His stories were usually of the "off-color" variety and told to male audiences although the women folks somehow got wind of them and appeared to relish them as much as the men folks. Whether or not he was the repository of sophisticated yarns never became known as he limited himself and his story telling to the mores of his rural Indiana audience.

In spinning his yarns he seemed to enjoy audience reaction as much as they appreciated his narrations. But once a story he told fell flat. He gazed at the group reflectively for a moment then said, "As far as humor is concerned there are three kinds of people. There are the belly laughers, the chucklers and the grunters. I have sympathy for the grunters for they have a screw loose somewhere."

On occasion Uncle Hi would unwittingly reveal a depth of knowledge way beyond the reach of the uneducated farm folks. If a farmer had difficulty in "figgerin" Uncle Hi was sought out and would come up with the right answer. He appeared to speak with fulsome knowledge on History, Literature, Mathematics, even Astronomy. He would frequently lend a hand to a floundering lower-grade pupil, all the while grumbling about modern teaching methods and "them dumb teachers." Once a teacher in the one-room school became disenchanted with her career and quit in mid-term. A replacement could not be found and the parents formed a delegation, called upon Uncle Hi and offered him the job of finishing out the school term. He turned it down. His only excuse, "No place to spit."

His fund of knowledge embraced a homespun grasp of the Law and he was frequently called upon to adjudicate in disputes that would normally end up in Court. His decision was rarely challenged as each was based upon "horse sense," clearly expounded in language the disputants could understand. He would hand down his decision in every dispute with "Stay away from them durned lawyers. They will git you, going and coming."

Uncle Hi finally passed away. He had no money to cover funeral expenses so a collection was taken up among the neighbors to save him from potter's field. He was given a poor man's burial. His body was wrapped in burlap, placed in a rented casket kept by the local undertaker for such occasions; services were held and his body was then buried in the burlap bag and the casket wheeled back into the undertaker's showroom to await the next impoverished customer.

A delegation was formed to examine Uncle Hi's personal effects, kept in a small wooden trunk in his room. The only thing of interest found was a faded diploma, stamped "cum laude" issued to one Hiram Smith by Harvard College.

Touched

No panoramic view of community life in rural Indiana would be complete without some passing commentary on those unfortunates who were, in the local vernacular 'touched in the head.' They ranged from the congenitally shiftless morons to the criminally insane. As 'sins of the father' was a deeply imbedded belief, these unfortunate members of the family were looked upon as God's vengence for some overt of surreptitious dereliction in defiance of the Law of Nature and the Book. Except in very violent cases where the State stepped in, the mentally deficient were jealously husbanded within the cradle of the family with an impregnable ring of family protection thrown around them.

Some were merely mentally retarded. Such was Ike who had no known family and moved from farm to farm as a day hand. Even in later life Ike preferred the companionship of children and entered into their games, sometimes with too much vigor and enthusiasm. Aunt Sue, a religious fanatic who believed firmly in the Lord's second "coming," was another. That manifestation was to take the form of a second inundation of the earth. She built herself

an Ark in the front lawn of her home, her Ark being an old tin bathtub on legs; into which she placed a paddle and foodstuffs sufficient for her survival. Day after day, weather permitting, she would place herself in her bathrub, paddle incessantly and intone in a loud voice, "The Lord is coming. Beware all you sinners. The vengence of the Lord is upon you." Her house caught fire and burned to the ground, taking Aunt Sue with it? Her last words were "In Hell! Its the Lord's Will."

While sometimes those people were referred to as half-wits, occasionally an act or a remark would be ascribed to them that would set people to wondering who was crazy after all. In a neighboring community lived one of the 'twilight zone' denizens who was known only as Wilbur. Though living with a farm family he stayed very much by himself, staring vacantly into space with a deep frown on his face as if pondering the mysteries of the Universe. As he grew older he became more and more preoccupied and less and less useful around the farm and his patron decided he must be 'put away.' A somewhat garrulous farmer was deputized by the County Sheriff to take Wilbur to the State Asylum in Logansport. On the train ride down the Deputy kept up a running conversation, mostly about his own life and background with never a word in response from Wilbur. As the train drew into the station in Logansport, the Deputy felt a hand on his knee. Looking about he said "Yes, Wilbur, you wish to say something?" The reply came, "Mr. Sheriff, you should stay here and send me back home. For now I know all I know, I know all you know and you don't know nuthin."

The most memorable of all those 'miserables' was Dora. She was feeble minded and lived with her Mother in a section of the County called Shantytown, peopled mostly by those who lived by hunting, trapping and stealing livestock and chickens from their more affluent neighbors. While short on intellect, the Lord in his mysterious fashion compensated

by bestowing upon Dora a magnificent physique. She was fully six feet tall, broad shouldered and possessed with enormous physical strength. Lacking adequate means of communicating with people, she repaired to the world of animals and birds. With a high fidelity that startled and confused both beasts and her feathered friends she would imitate the song of any bird, the braying of a donkey, the bleating of a lamb, the mooing of a cow. That latter talent almost led to her undoing for one day in a cow pasture she simulated the mooing of a heifer in heat and scaled the fence to safety just one leap ahead of an excited bull.

During nesting time in the Spring, her favorite pastime was teasing the crows. Dora did not like crows for they were predators, robbing the nests of other birds, both eggs and young. But during nesting season they in turn were preyed upon by the owls. All that Dora knew. So when they were feeding their young in their nests high in the tree-tops Dora would bird dog them down, hide in the bushes below and alternately hoot like an owl and give out a peculiar caw of a terrified young crow. Almost instantly the sky would be filled with cawing crows who, while the most gun-shy and one of the smartest of all birds, cast danger to the winds to protect their young. Finally, tiring of the sport Dora would step from her underbrush hideaway, shout imprecations at the startled crows and be on her way. When neighboring farmers witnessed the crows in turmoil over a woodlot they would shake their heads and say, "Dora is at it again."

The Lord endowed Dora with a maternal instinct, handmaiden to her perfect physique. She became pregnant, out of wedlock, giving birth to a perfectly normal baby. But that was her undoing. She had flouted the moral code and under pressure from the women of the community, the Authorities came and took her away.

CHAPTER XIII

PRAISE THE LORD

Although the De Long children attended Sunday School at the Church nearest the farm, usually the United Bretheren and an occasional Prayer Meeting during the week, the family was not religious. Mary Jane was born a Roman Catholic but when she came to Indiana and settled down on the farm, the closest Catholic Church was 18 miles distant and that was too much, despite being trained as she was in the tenets of the Faith. Ira attended Church only on the occasion of a marriage or death, if then. Neither seemed to believe in the "Life Hereafter" and Mary Jane in particular did not believe in Hell. "If there is such a place," she would say, "Its right here on Earth." Some of Ira's brothers and sisters, as they grew older and came in closer communion with the Grim Reaper, became steady Church goers. But not Ira. He walked the last mile alone, refusing words of solace from "some damned preacher."

There were many religious sects and many Churches which the farm folks filled in the early nineteen hundreds. The De Long farm was flanked by two churches, less than one mile away. Both were United Brethern in Christ sects. Both were served by itinerate preachers who preached sermons on

alternate Sundays. In addition to Sunday services and Prayer Meetings during the week, once per year a Revival Meeting was held. At these meetings sinners and backsliders were urged to the meetings and to give their hearts to Jesus. Not unlike the early outlaws who recorded their conquests by cutting a notch in their gunstock, the preacher kept meticulous records of his converts at those meetings.

The interior of the churches was all the same - long wooden benches in the rear for the congregation, then a low railing across the front which was referred to as the Altar and behind that on a raised dais the podium on which rested an enormous Bible. Behind that the preacher delivered his sermon. Neither church could afford a pipe organ but both had a foot-pedal organ which was played by a member of the congregation to accompany the hymn singing.

According to the manner in which those Revival Meetings were conducted, it appeared the United Brethern believed in the Lord turning a sympathetic ear only to the most vocal and most gymnastic. There would be singing, alternated with praying and preaching, and when emotions were at fever pitch, sinners and backsliders were invited forward, to kneel down at the Altar and give their hearts to Jesus and pray for forgiveness and salvation. As the hysteria increased one by one the converts would shout and announce the Spirit of the Holy Chost was upon him. He would rise to his feet, jump in the air, turn somersaults and otherwise cavort about, all the while shouting, singing and weeping. More feats of athletic prowess took place at those meetings than in the gymnasium or playing field. One night a tramp wandered into the meeting and docilly permitted himself to be led forward to the Altar by a triumphant sister. He refused to bow his head upon the Altar or clasp his hands in prayer but remained with his torso upright, furiously working his jaw on a wad of tobacco. In the middle of the exhortations of the faithful for the Lord to come down and save this poor old sin-

ner's soul, the tramp got up, walked down the aisle to the outer door, spat an enormous accumulation of tobacco juice into the night, then returned to the warmth of the church and his place at the altar. The salvationists' ardour was dampened and they quickly disassembled, believing perhaps his soul was not worth saving after all.

One night, deciding the service might be of some spiritual succour to his wife and his burgeoning family, the preacher brought them to the church and placed them in the front row. He took up his accustomed duties and while kneeling at the altar next to some obdurate sinner, exhorting the Lord in strenuous tones to come down and save him, he felt a tug at his elbow. Looking around he discovered his three-year-old son, who spotting his Father, had toddled forward from his bench. The preacher, being both a servant of God and a stern disciplinarian thwacked the youngster on his rear and shouted, "Damnit, get back to your Mother." He then turned back to his labors, but somehow the faint presence of the Spirit of the Holy Ghost had evaporated.

Being highly impressionable Cliff could not remain aloof from the revival proceedings and one night joined up. He somehow felt better for it and for a period 'walked with God,' with his heart and mind full of piety and pure thoughts. When he retired for the night he would wait until he heard the regular breathing of brother and sisters, then would slip quietly to the floor, clasp his hands and repeat in a whisper, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." He didn't wear his salvation on his sleeve and tried to hide his conversion from family and neighbors. At that time he hired out hoeing corn for a next-door neighbor. It was customary to eat dinner, the noon-day meal, at your employers house. The first day he sat down with the neighbors and just as he was reaching for the platter of mashed potatoes, the neighbor bowed his head, as did his family, while he intoned

the 'Blessing.' That was the first time Cliff had ever been exposed to that ritual. The next day he refused to have dinner with them and returned home for his noon-day meal. When asked by his Father, he confessed he was afraid Mr. Holderbaum, his employer, might ask him to 'Return thanks.' Ira guffawed and of course explained the mystery of Cliff's absence to Mr. Holderbaum. Everyone was amused. Cliff was humiliated.

Cliff's period of piety and religious fervor lasted until one day he got into an altercation with one of his sisters and in a moment of uncontrollable anger he punched her in the eye giving her a shiner. His rage wore off at about the same time as the sting of the inevitable punishment on his behind. But he discovered something else had passed away too. He no longer found himself 'walking with God.' In after years he tried to recapture that elusive Spirit on many occasions but it always flitted beyond his grasp.

Teacher and pupils. Morgan School, 1907

CHAPTER XIV

TURN, RISE, PASS

Steuben County was divided into twelve Townships, each having several one-room grade schools strategically located in areas of higher concentration of the farm population. Each school house had a name usually stemming from location or name of doner of the land on which the school was built. The De Long children of school age attended the Morgan School, located about two miles from the log cabin. Built shortly after the Civil War, it was a one-room red brick structure with a cupola that housed the school bell. This was operated by an ordinary hemp rope which dropped through a hole in the ceiling and dangled behind the teacher's desk. One of the more venturesome acts of defiance by pupils bent on mischief was to give the rope a long tug which turned the bell upside down, rendering it useless until some neighboring farmer could be wheedled into coming with an extension ladder, scaling the steep slate roof to the cupola and turning the bell back into position.

Morgan School was located on a one-acre tract surrounded by a barb-wire fence to discourage pupils from trespassing on adjoining farm property. The grounds were devoid of trees or shrubbery and even the grass grew puny under the feet of children at play. To the right and left of the School house and in the rear and as far apart as boundries would permit stood two outhouses, one marked "Girls" and one marked "Boys." The first act of Halloween pranksters was to tip the privies over. Once

the girl's privy was hauled to the front step of the School house to the dismay of Miss Schultz, who found it there the morning after Halloween.

The school room was high-ceilinged and drab. It was never festooned with crayoned works of art from the hands of budding Raphaels as found in modern school rooms. Art in the community was limited to a whitewash brush applied to a picket fence and this in turn was shared only by the very few well-to-do farmers. The combination seat-desk units for the pupils were arranged in rows, each in clear view of the teacher who sat at her desk on a dais in front, alternately teaching her class and rolling her gimlet eyes over her wards in the room to maintain a semblance of discipline. Each pupil's desk contained an open ink well which was used by the pupils alternately to write and to dunk the girl's pigtails who sat in front.

In front of the teacher's desk was the recitation bench that would accommodate upwards of 10 pupils. Classes went on monotonously from nine to three with a one-hour lunch period and a mid-morning and mid-afternoon recess. All eight grades were represented in the school room. The teacher would announce "Fifth Grade Grammer," and strike her desk bell three times which was the signal for "turn, rise, pass." At the third bell the pupils in Fifth Grade Grammer would file to the recitation desk in front and class would begin. After ten minutes the class was dismissed and immediately, "Eighth Grade Arithmetic" with the bell signal, "Turn, Rise, Pass" then "Sixth Grade Geography" and so on throughout the day. Teachers were recruited from the fortunate few high-school graduates in the community and with the broad and varied curriculum and overgrown "late bloomers" it was sometimes difficult to distinguish between teacher and pupil. Indeed as surcease for the teacher the smarter pupils in the upper grades were frequently inducted into the teacher's seat to hear classes in the lower grades.

Corporal punishment was not only permitted, it was encouraged and frequently meted out by the male teachers. Female teachers usually avoided this by sending a note home to the parents of the unruly pupil, mainly because many of her upper-class pupils were bigger than she was. The wall behind the teacher's desk was covered by a blackboard which served a dual purpose, that of instruction and punishment. As punishment the teacher would force the offending pupil to face the blackboard, stand on his tip toes and touch his nose to the blackboard. She would then draw a circle around the point of contact and the culprit was required to keep his nose within this circle for the duration of the punishment. The tip-toe part of the punishment was not too severe for the average Indiana farm youngster accustomed to unusual physical feats. However, as few were completely free of winter colds, the punishment started when the runny nose outpaced the corrective sniffle.

The Morgan school prided itself on its rather extensive Library, housed in a wooded bookcase in the rear of the room. It contained probably 300 volumes, mostly historical works. Honor pupils with good marks were permitted to read library books during school hours if they were "up" on their studies. Two or three times during the eight-month school term the school would give a "social" which provided revenue to replenish and enlarge the school library.

These "socials" were usually held on Friday evenings and were usually chaperoned by one or more parents. Attendance was limited to young folks approaching marriageable age both within and without the school. Small fry of their own accord, winter and summer, went to bed with the chickens. The most popular type of "social" was the box supper. For these affairs the girls prepared a meal for two, usually consisting of sandwiches, fried chicken and cake and cookies and placed these in a shoe box which was decorated with bright paper,

wide ribbons with two or three bows on the lid with the whole topped by a large bouquet of homemade, paper flowers. These boxes were auctioned off to the eager swains by one of the older boys who had a gift of gab, each box going to the highest bidder. The boxes were unidentified but before the bidding started, collusive glances and whispers between the boys and girls clearly identified for the boy the box belonging to the girl of his choice for the evening and he entered the bidding early and was in at the end if his purse held out. Sometimes rivals for a young lady's favor ran the bidding up to untowards levels, much to the delight of the teacher and the secret pleasure of the box's owner. Sometimes the feuds thus started were settled with fisticuffs behind the school house.

Games were always played at these "socials." They were lusty games entered into with hilarity, much stamping of feet and hand clapping. One of these games was called "Bingo." In this game everybody would join hands and form a circle after selecting his partner. They would then start clapping, keeping time to the Bingo song, "Once a farmer had a dog, Bingo was his name, Sir. B-I-N-G-O go, B-I-N-G-O go, and Bingo was his name, Sir." At the word go everyone would clap his hands and stamp his feet. After the first refrain the circle would close in to the center, back again, circle to the left, then to the right, then all would join hands with partners and promenade, not unlike the square dance routine of their elders and all the while repeating over and over the Bingo song. When they grew weary of this there was "Snap and Ketchum," Pop Goes The Weasel, Spin the Bottle, Heavy, heavy hangs over thy head and many, many more. The average "Social" netted around $25.00 which was immediately invested in books for the Library by the teacher. Outside of occasional corn huskings and barn raisings, these "socials" were the only opportunities the young people had to get together. Romances blossomed here and on the ride home in the swain's horse and buggy.

CHAPTER XV

COUNTY FAIR

The community worked together with public-spirited officials in relieving the monotony and drabness of daily routine of farm life. Fourth of July was formally celebrated by a County-wide get together on the shores of Lake James, the first location with developed picnic grounds. There on the 4th, the farmers and their families would converge for visiting, eating, and games which included horseshoe pitching, wrestling, tug-of-war, and other feats of physical prowess between both men, boys and farm animals. The favorite sport of the boys and young men was climbing the greased pole, another, catching the greased pig. The first to ground the pig and roll him over on his back won the pig as prize. While that was taking place the women were busy laying out the picnic lunches on long tables under the shade trees. While political and patriotic oratory were an inevitable part of those gatherings, speeches mercifully were held to a minimum by the simple device of booing from the audience if the speaker became long winded. The gathering would break up as the farmers equated the distance to their homes with chore time.

Decoration Day was another occasion for community feteing. There were still living a large number of men who had served in the Union Army during the Civil War and that was their day. Much time was spent in listening to reminisences and recountings of Bull Run, Shiloh, Gettysburg, and Chattanooga; stories which had been told before but which became more and more embellished as time went on. The old soldiers came dressed in their Union army uniforms, carrying their muskets and sabers. The meeting was never complete without a sham battle between them and younger men who gracefully consented to don grey uniforms and act the part of Confederate soldiers. After volleying with muskets loaded with blank cartridges, a noise that frightened the young and many grown-ups too, the Union Forces would fix bayonnets and charge the Confederates, driving them into the deep woods. The meetings were usually held in a place called Mt. Pisgah, ideally suited for both a picnic and sham battle. Gradually as the number of Union soldiers dwindled, attendance fell off and the annual event discontinued.

Each year the merchants of Angola sponsored an Old Settler's Day, usually staged after haying and harvesting but before time for corn cutting which was the farmer's least busy time during the summer. Few old settlers ever attended because the occasion held more appeal for the young. There was a carnival. The public square was ringed about with booths and their proprietors, mainly from out of town, who purveyed patent medicines, popcorn, peanuts, pop, foam candy made on the spot, and numerous other soft drinks and edibles designed to upset even the most rugged digestive systems of the local farm folk. There were shooting galleries, games of chance, and occasionally a shell game artist who reaped a harvest from the unbelieving yokels. Old Settler's Day finally yielded to changing times, much to the relief of both Angola merchants and the rural community.

In the late summer when the earth had yielded up its bountiful harvest the Steuben County Fair was held at the County Fair grounds north of Angola. That usually lasted for one week with ceremonies formally scheduled for each day. The fair grounds boasted a racetrack and trotting horses were brought in from far and near to vie for the prizes. Prizes were also offered the County wives for top honors in pie and cake baking, jam making, etc. which the judges dutifully sampled to the point of indigestion. Cattle, hogs, horses, chickens, ducks, geese, even goats were carefully groomed for the Fair in hopes of winning the coveted blue ribbon.

Of course the irrepressible 'honky tonk' gentry flocked to the County Fair, offering merchandise of doubtful value and running games of chance to fleece the willing sucker. They were professionals who moved from County Fair to County Fair during the season and then holed up in their bases of operation in the larger cities during the winter, contriving new schemes to separate the homespun from their hard-earned change come summer.

In 1912 the Steuben County Fair officials announced proudly that the big feature that year was to be an aeroplane exhibition. Art Smith, an intrepid early bird from Fort Wayne had built his own biplane, not unlike the one used earlier by the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk (1903), and had become a stunt flyer exhibiting at County Fairs throughout the area. Few people in Steuben County had ever seen an airplane, and believing that only birds could fly, jammed the fair grounds on the day of the flight. Aviator Smith positioned his homemade contraption in the center of one end of the oval racetrack, rev'ed up his single motor and took off. After he had attained an altitude of about 30 feet, he banked his machine to the left and as he did so the single motor began to sputter and finally died. He immediately began to lose altitude and despite frantic maneuvering the plane came to rest in the top of a hickory tree that bordered the Fair Grounds.

Pilot Smith hurridly extricated himself from the Pilot seat and shinnied down the trunk of the tree to the ground. His only injuries were a few scratches from the rough bark of the hickory tree.

CHAPTER XVI

VITTLES

Practically all the food consumed by the family was grown on the farm. Corn and wheat were harvested in the Fall, taken to the nearby grist mill at Flint and ground into meal and flour. The owner and operator of the grist mill appropriately was named Miller. His trademark was a fine dusting of flour on his hair, face and clothes. When Ira had no money to pay for the grinding, the miller would withhold some of the finished product as tare in payment. The mill was a three-story stone structure, built in the early days at the headwaters of an artificial lake fed by the Pigeon River. The millstones were turned by the water-fed mill wheel. Later the wheel was abandoned and the miller installed a huge one-cylinder gasoline engine. The engine was a never-ending mystery to Cliff. Combustion occurred about every ten seconds and in between the huge flywheel spun and the motor gasped for air through the intake. Just before the next explosion took place he was sure it had gasped its last.

Butter and milk were provided by "Ole Buttermilk" a cow that served the family faithfully for 14 years. They always had plenty of eggs from Mary Jane's brood of chickens.

Each Fall apples from the orchard were picked, loaded into the lumber wagon and Ira would take off for the nearest cider mill. Usually the family started the winter with two barrels of cider which immediately began fermentation, turning ultimately to vinegar. Somewhere between sweet cider and vinegar the fermentation process produced hard cider and that was an occasion for the clan to gather round for a family reunion and good cheer. Ira tried to time the occasion to corn husking or hog altering with little success.

On the average of once a month, Cliff, the eldest boy was dispatched to the village of Flint which boasted a grocery store. He carried two ten-gallon pails full of eggs with a roll of butter atop each. Those were exchanged for coffee, sugar, spices, salt, pepper and of course some chewing tobacco for Ira. Mary Jane would carefully prepare a shopping list cautioning him, "Don't let that crook cheat you." Upon his return she would pour over the transaction and invariably come up with the pronouncement, "He cheated you." She never would refer to the matter again as she appeared unsure of her own arithmetic. Cliff welcomed these trips as he was allowed a penny for his labors which he invested in a stick of either hore hound or licorice candy. Those he broke up into small pieces and stretched their flavor out for days.

About four times a year the entire family was loaded into the lumber wagon for a shopping pilgrimage to the County Seat, Angola, eight miles away where articles of clothing were purchased. If the trip was made in the dead of winter, Ira would pile bricks on top of the kitchen range the night before, wrap the hot bricks in paper the next morning and place them in the wagon to keep the children warm. Each had a warm brick which he clung to under blankets on the trip to town. As the bricks cooled off quickly, on the return journey they frequently found themselves running behind the wagon to keep warm.

A highlight of those trips was the noonday meal on the journey home. That consisted of store boughten cheese, bologna, soda crackers. As the main diet in winter consisted of potatoes boiled in milk gravy and an occasional piece of meat, that change in diet was sheer delight. Their second choicest delight consisted of dandelion greens in the Spring. There were no fresh vegetables during the winter and their craving for them was enormous. In the Spring, then as now, the first bit of greenery, well ahead of the grass, were those greens, which sprang up in profusion in the fields. When in season the family ate them for breakfast, dinner and supper until their appetites were satiated. Next came the mushrooms which sprang up overnight following a Spring freshet. Those two delights carried them over until the garden started to yield.

During the winter months, securing enough meat for the many hungry mouths around the table was a persistent problem. In summer it was not as acute for the family had an ample supply of fish. On the average of once per week Ira and Cliff would run a set line, sometimes called a meat line, in the lake for blue gills. That was usually supplemented by a fish trap, an ingenious cylindrical device made out of chicken wire with a funnel in the center so the fish could find their way in but not out. Both methods of catching fish were illegal and they were constantly on the lookout for the game warden, which heightened the thrill of the catch. In winter the lakes froze to a depth of three to four feet and while they did occasionally fish through the ice, the rewards were meager.

The main souce of fresh meat during the winter months was rabbits which mercifully were quite plentiful. Father and son would start out in the morning with their guns, hound dog and ferrit. Invariably the dog would hole up the rabbit before a shot could be fired. They would locate the outlets of the hole, turn the ferrit loose in the burrow and crouch at the open hole, hands outspread into which

the panic-stricken rabbit would thunder. He was seized, his neck wrung, and placed in a burlap bag knapsack. Frequently a day's hunt would yield twenty to thirty rabbits. Cliff enjoyed both hunting and fishing but while so engaged he viewed with little pleasure the aftermath of skinning, gutting, scaling in preparation for Mary Jane's frying pan.

During his second winter out of school there was a dearth of rabbits and the family was desperately hungry for meat. By late winter the one hog that had been butchered in the Fall had been hungrily consumed. Behind the barn there was a straw stack and Ira discovered that fat sparrows had dug burrows into the sides of the stack and roosted there during the night. One night when another supper without meat had come and gone he and Cliff raided the burrows of the sparrows. They had a lighted kerosene lantern to blind the frightened creatures and a ladder. With lantern in hand, Cliff climbed the ladder, shoved his hand carefully into a sparrow's hole, seized the hapless bird, handed it down to Ira who promptly wrung its neck. The birds were painstakenly plucked, cleaned and boiled providing the family with a royal repast.

While they had no vitamins and certainly not a balanced diet by today's standards, the family was a remarkably healthy lot, growing up with sturdy constitutions that served them well in later years.

CHAPTER XVII

SELF-RELIANCE

The cycle of propagating, birthing, living and dying in rural America during the two centuries under perview was accepted with more equanimity by the farm folks than was true with the city dwellers. Sex was everywhere for young and old to observe. The rooster relentlessly pursued his docile hens as did the gobblers. Dogs and cats were never altered and when their sexual prowess outpaced the food supply they were "done in." When "in heat" the livestock made their discomfort known by squealing, mooing and neighing. So when the young folks reached puberty there was little they had to be told about the birds and the bees.

While the moral standards of the rural communities frowned on promiscuity, fornication and adultry, there was a resigned understanding and acceptance towards those who, usually in a moment of passion, transgressed the code of ethics that applied to sexual behavior. The story is related that Daniel Boone on one of his many forays from his cabin and family in Tennessee to the Northwest Territory was captured by Indians and held captive for 20 months. He finally escaped, returned home only to find a new-born infant in the cradle next to the fireplace.

After greeting his wife Boone walked over to the cradle, pulled down the coverlets and peered at the baby. Turning to his apprehensive wife he asked, "Whose is it?" She replied, "Your brother's." Boone pondered this for a moment, scratched his stubble reflectively then said, "Wal, so long as its a Boone, I reckon its alright."

Shotgun weddings were commonplace even as late as the beginning of the 20th Century. In rare cases where this failed, the unwed mother usually found a mate, becoming wife and housekeeper to a widower, bringing with her as dowery her bastard child. The arrangement usually worked out to the advantage of all concerned parties, including the child who was given the surname of his foster parent. Because discussions of such situations were a "no no" within the community, few of these children ever learned of their true identity or their mother's indiscretion. Occasionally the code was broken. Cliff had a playmate who lived on an adjoining farm. One day while engaged in their favorite sport of throwing corncobs at one another, one missile missed its target and shattered a pane of glass in the window of the house. Out came the enraged father, followed closely by the wife. The father grabbed a stick and started for the culprit. The wife and mother pounced upon him, grabbed his arm and shouted, "Don't you whup that boy. You know he aint yourn."

Awareness and knowledge of sex among the young was not gained exclusively from the barnyard. Its presence pervaded the cabin itself. Knowledge among brothers and sisters that another addition to the family was on the way frequently started with conception. While rarely a topic of conversation, the progress of pregnancy was carefully calibrated by the young and when the time came for the older children to be bundled off to the neighbors it came as no surprise. After the first child, birthing was casual. If there were no Doctors available, a midwife was drawn from the ranks of neighboring

farmer's wives who performed their duties efficiently if the birth was normal. In stubborn cases black pepper or snuff was sprinkled up the expectant mother's nostrils to induce sneezing and hopefully quick delivery. Only when all such nostrums had failed was a Doctor sought out. According to midwifery lore, if a baby were born with a veil over its face (usually a fragment of the afterbirth) the child would have clairvoyant powers. Watching for this phenomenon was a part of the midwife's duties but the omen was phoo-phooed by even the less erudite Doctors. Most babies were breast fed and weaned when solid food replaced the mother's milk. In obdurate cases of weaning the mother would bathe her breasts in juice from a wild onion or skunk grease which quickly turned the trick.

People in the rural communities who clung to their way of life developed a large measure of self-sufficiency born of necessity. This was particularly true in the raising and slaughtering of domestic fowl and animals for the family larder or for market. Fried chicken on the table either came from surplus roosters in the flock or hens past their peak as egg layers. The hapless fowl marked for supper was gaffed, decapitated and tossed on the ground where its agonizing convulsions drained the blood from its body. It was then dunked in a pot of boiling water, plucked and dressed out with all the parts excepting the entrails and beak destined for the cooking pot. Even the legs and claws were boiled and regarded as a delicacy.

During the summer when the sheep, calves and young pigs were half grown, all animals marked for family consumption or the market had to be castrated. This was done in the raw and an ordeal both to man and beast. It was a two-man job. The animal would be caught, rolled on its back and its hind legs pulled back and spread. The second man, using a razor-sharp knife split open the bag containing the testicles, remove them in a not-too-delicate manner and if the weather was warm and a danger

of infection and maggots, the gaping wound was doused with a handful of turpentine. As the work progressed it became more difficult as the squealing, bawling and bleating of the victims alerted and frightened the remaining herd and made them difficult to catch.

In the Fall, after corn husking time and before the winter settled in, a day was set aside for butchering to provide the winter's supply of meat. First a huge iron kettle was hoisted on a tripod of green poles. It was filled with water to which several handsful of wood ashes were added. When the water in the kettle began to boil, the animal intended for slaughter was maneuvered into position and it was temporarily stunned by a blow in the head with an ax or sledge hammer or more mercifully a 22 bullet. While still standing in a dazed condition, a butcher knife was inserted into its juglar vein in the neck and it was allowed to stagger about until it fell to the ground from loss of blood. In the case of a hog, the boiling water from the kettle was transferred to a huge barrel tilted at a 45-degree angle into which the hog's body was immersed. After a few minutes of twisting and turning the carcass the bristles were tested and if they removed easily the animal was placed on a butcher's bench and the hair scraped off. It was then ready for gutting and dressing into hams, loins, ribs, pig's feet, etc. Usually the animal was enormously fat. In dressing this was removed, cut in strips and tossed into the kettle where it was boiled down into lard, used in frying and in making the family's needed supply of soap. Some of the meat was smoked in the smokehouse, some pickled in salt brine and some stored in huge crocks filled with lard. Always for supper on butchering days the meat-hungry family was treated to fried liver. Butchering steers and sheep followed the same routine except they were skinned as their hides found ready sales in the market.

Most calves developed horns during the early period of growth. As these could become lethal weapons and impaired their value at the market, all calves were dehorned. This was a more gastly and bloody operation than castration. The calf was usually tied to a sturdy fence post in the barnyard and his horns sawed off with an ordinary hand saw. Caustic soda was then applied to prevent further growth.

Death of relatives and neighbors was accepted by farm folks with about the same fatalistic composure and resignation that was obtained for the death of a pet or livestock. The end was no more cause for a show of emotion than the beginning. Typical was the reaction of a farmer, up in years, who was informed by the family Doctor that his wife was dead. "Well, by granny, she was old enough to die." One Doctor related the story of his vigil at the deathbed of an old farmer. He had three prize possessions, a railroad watch which he hung on the wall next to his bed and two overgrown sons. When the Doctor removed his thumb from the old man's pulse and announced him dead one son clambered across the bed, over his father's inert body, grabbed the watch and shouted, "By God, Dad's watch is mine."

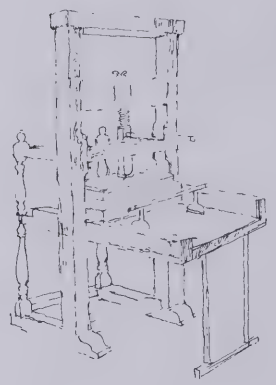
Farmers became good judges of livestock and Ira was no exception. Upon the birth of a calf, colt, pig or lamb he would examine the newborn with meticulous care, determining the sex, bone structure and physical defects, if any. If it fell short of his standards he would mutter, "Its not a keeper." These unfortunates were not kept for breeding purpose but shipped off to market as soon as possible.

This routine of his was not limited to livestock. He invoked it upon the birth of each child and grandchild. A few days after birth he would take the infant from its mother's arms, stretch it out naked on the bed, count its toes and fingers,

examine all limbs, its features and extremeties. Only after this routine would he announce, "Its a good kid." Years later it became known why he scrutinized his newborn with such care. One member of the family, remotely related but of the bloodline nonetheless, was born with a physical deformity which he carried to his grave. While not a hereditary trait, Ira didn't know that, carrying within his chest the awesome possibility of a cripple in the family. What must have been his relief when Mary Jane announced, "There'll be no more children."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PIONEER PRESS



Until early in the 20th Century the most important medium of communication in the United States was the print media, newspapers and magazines. It was not until the advent of radio and television that the power of and dependence upon the press as a disseminator of news and a molder of public opinion began to wane. During the 300 years that encompassed the development of the press in America its roots were nourished by the almost abject dependence upon the medium for news, dependence upon its input into the nation's "think tank" and the wares featured in its advertising columns. Sometimes sinister, sometimes benign, it exerted an all-powerful influence during the country's growth.

The first printing press was invented by Gutenberg in Strassborg, Germany in 1440. The first book to be printed was the Holy Bible, in Latin, in 1450. Quick to realize the potential power of the new invention, for good or evil, the crowned heads of Europe imposed a strict censorship upon all printed material which endures to this day, in varying degrees, in many countries. The first newspaper printed in this country in 1690 by Benjamin Harris in Boston lasted one day. As

printing anything without prior approval of the British Crown was forbidden, his enterprise was suppressed and copies of the paper destroyed.

In the same city, shortly thereafter, a man was born who was to become the father of journalism in America. His name was Benjamin Franklin. As a youth he found employment in his brother's print shop. Smarting under his brother's strict discipline and the political limitations imposed upon the craft, he moved to Philadelphia and immediately began publishing his Poor Richard's Almanak. In 1721 he began publication of the Pennsylvania Gazette which was a success immediately and its circulation and influence quickly spread throughout eastern Pennsylvania, including the rural areas.

It was not, however, until after the War of Independence and adoption of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights which guaranteed freedom of the press that print media came into full bloom. From that point forward its growth followed the pattern of population growth and growth in literacy. Because of the power and prestige that were handmaidens of publishing, frequently newspapers outpaced their market and the enterprising publisher had to depend on job printing as his main source of revenue.

Prior to the invention of the linotype machine in 1886, all printing was done on hand presses which were hand or treadle operated. Type was laboriously set by hand by skilled type setters, sometimes referred to as printer's devils. As they carried their skills in their hat, they were always in demand in any settlement and because they were compensated on a piece-work basis, printer's devils in the early days became highly mobile, itinerant workers, moving from community to community until they had accumulated enough of a grub stake to set up a shop of their own. Many

publications that have endured down to the present time can trace their origin to some vagrant printer's devil.

Most newspapers began as weeklies and because of the paucity of current national and international news they dealt mostly with local happenings fed to them by their subscribers. It was not until 1844, when Samuel F. B. Morse invented the telegraph, that they had ready access to news beyond the domain of their circulation area. Prior to this, local communities in the hinterland were forced to depend upon couriers, letters and itinerants for news of the outside world. Welcome indeed in each log cabin was a visit from Johnny Appleseed whose gossip was as highly prized as his bag of apple seed. Several days after Andrew Jackson and his Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen defeated the British in New Orleans during the War of 1812, he received a message by courier from the War Department in Washington advising him the War had ended three months earlier with the signing of the Treaty of Paris. By packet ship across the North Atlantic and messenger from Washington to New Orleans it had required three months to relay the message.

News of any nature was eagerly sought after and consumed by readers of newspapers and magazines, yet journalistic standards were such that not all the news was accurate or unslanted and the editorials usually reflected the moral and political philosophy of the publisher which was not always above reproach. The horsewhip was the main deterrent to libel and this was not frequently resorted to by maligned victims. Until the mid-19th Century, duelling was legal in many states and was a common way to settle disputes. Here the press played an important role as the challenger usually took a paid notice in the local paper in which the challenge itself took second place to the rhetoric of abuse heaped upon the opponent. Such terms as low-down skunk, wife beater, poltroon, adulterer, coward, thief and traitor were commonly used in

these notices and accepted for publication. Indeed the suspicion grew that in many cases in the composition of the notice the challenger had had an assist from the editor himself.

But where the newspapers in earlier times really scraped the bottom of the barrel was in the acceptance of paid advertisements without any show of censorship covering exaggerated claims. As a result the "snake-oil vendors" preyed upon newspaper subscribers without restraint, with the only protection of the latter being left to his own inate caution. Gradually as newspapers emerged from their "cliff hanging" stage of development into a highly-profitable enterprise period with growth potential limited only by population growth, Publishers then began to realize that rip-off of his subscribers by unconscionable advertisers was not in his best interest and he began to reserve the right to reject or tone down all advertisements that came over his transom, thus upgrading reader confidence in both his advertising, editorial and news columns.

In addition to local newspapers serving as a window to the outside world, farm journals put in an appearance about the middle of the 19th Century. They were edited to meet the needs of the rural population which at the time was still in the vast majority. The first of these was the American Agriculturist, founded in 1842. It was published in New York City. Its immediate success touched off the appearance of a host of regional farm journals including the Indiana Farmer's Guide and these endured long after the national publications were forced to close up shop.

Pictorial journalism originated in England in 1842 shortly after the Frenchman Daguerre invented the first photographic process. While slow in acceptance and use by the rural press, it marked a long step forward for the newspaper and magazine business. It was a boon for the illiterate and a scourge to many, particularly those holding public

office by virtue of an illiterate constituancy. In 1870 William "Boss" Tweed seized control of Tammany Hall and the financial affairs of New York City. His rule was corrupt in a city marked with corruption and it continued for many years despite the clamorous opposition of the press. Once he was asked for his reaction to what was printed about him in the press and he was alleged to have replied, "I don't care what they print about me. My constituents can't read." However, one enterprising newspaper brought in a cartoonist, Thomas Nast, who began a pictorial campaign against Tweed and quickly succeeded in driving Tweed from City Hall and into exile in Spain.

Thus, despite the many shortcomings and derelictions of the press in America during the two centuries under consideration, it was a powerful and constructive force, adding yeast when needed to the fermenting melting pot, unifying the nation in times of crisis, aiding the growth of literacy and sometimes alternately promoting and exposing scroundrels in public office. The Nation is very much in their debt.

CHAPTER XIX

MEDIUMS OF EXCHANGE

Until the War of Independence was won, coin of the realm in the Colonies was the British pound sterling, shilling, pence and penny. Wishing to free itself of all British influence, the Continental Congress devised a new currency system based on the dollar, half-dollar, quarter, dime, nickel and penny. But be it pound sterling or dollar, currency was hard to come by for the early settlers. Their main medium of exchange was barter, tare and swap. Butter and eggs were exchanged at the general store in the village for salt, pepper, tobacco and other items not produced on the farm. Pelts were swapped at the trading post for flintlocks, powder, bullets, hardware, etc. The village cobbler accepted hides for a pair of shoes; the blacksmith scrap metal for tools forged on his anvil.

Each Fall the dusty roads were filled with wagons loaded with sorghum headed for the cane mill where the stalks were passed through giant rollers and the sap boiled down into sorghum molasses; wheat and other grains were turned into flour at the local grist mill; apples were toted to the cider mill to provide the winter's supply of

vinegar, apple butter and jelly; some grains, fruits and vegetables found their way to the illicit still, hidden away in the forest, which was the source of "medicine" for snake bites, common colds and winter "grumps." In nearly all these transactions not a penny changed hands. They were all based on tare, i.e., the practice of withholding a part of the finished product for service rendered by the supplier.

When a farmer was faced with a task that required help such as barn raisings, threshing, corn husking or butchering, he called in his neighbors who gave him a willing hand. Each kept meticulous mental notes of exchange labor owed and due and these obligations received top priority when payment was called for. Thus one farmer might owe a neighbor one-half day's labor for butchering. If he was called on during the winter to man the other end of a cross-cut saw to work off his obligation, he did it without question. There was one exception to this custom of labor exchange; if a neighbor got sick there were ready hands to do his chores, get in the hay and grain, saw the wood, shear the sheep or shovel snow for which no reward was expected or given.

Most farmers of the period had an abiding suspicion of all banks and would have no "truck" with them unless there was no other alternative. Such currency as they came by was stashed away in their dwellings, buried in the ground or carried on their person. The most commonly-used money container or "pocketbook" was a pouch fashioned from the scrotum of a bull calf. When cured and tanned, this pouch became as soft as chamois skin. Yet it was tough and seamless and could undergo a lifetime of use. The top was usually perforated and a throng puckering string was threaded in the holes, tied and carried in the owner's pocket during the day and tucked securely under his pillow at night. When it became too bulky to carry around its contents, except small

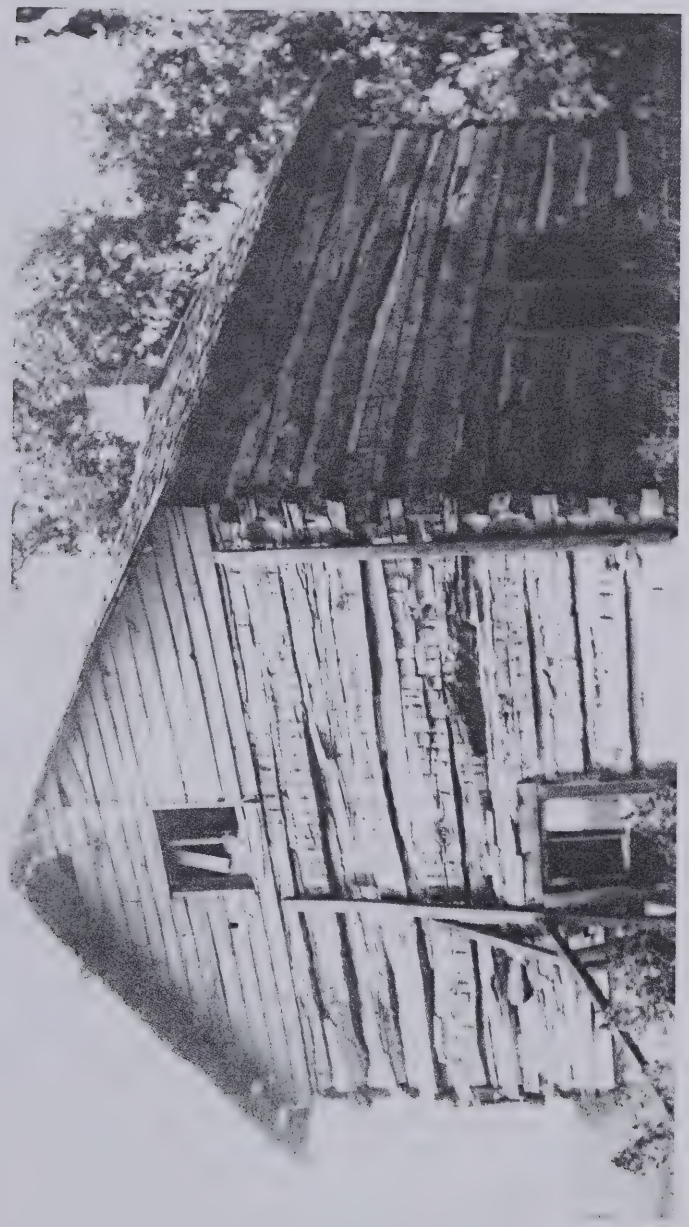
change, was placed into a metal container, usually a lidded cast-iron metal pot, and hidden. As the owner's "banking" operation was frequently spied upon by other members of his family, he developed great ingenuity in locating his hiding place. A hole in the ground next to a permanent marker such as a boulder was frequently used as were hollow trees or behind a loose stone in the fireplace mantle. Some suspended their cache on a wire and lowered it half-way down the cistern or well.

Many a tale made the rounds of hidden treasure left undiscovered because of the sudden death of its owner or perverse refusal to yield up his secret even on his deathbed. One such, who despite his wife's tearful pleading, held out until his next-to-last gasp, when apparently catching sight of Glory, he gurgled, "Backhouse." Sure enough, there his pot was found brimming with gold and silver coins, concealed but within easy reach of the "papa hole." One bereaved but wiley widower squirreled away his hoard on his wife's gravesite and concealed his put and take fiscal operation for many years by regularly placing fresh flowers or plants over his buried hoard, much to the admiration of the local preacher but wonderment of his neighbors who could not recall this measure of marital devotion during the wife's lifetime. These hidden hoards contained only metal coins, gold, silver, nickel and copper, partly because of their dampness and partly because of a peasant's age-old lack of confidence in "promise to pay" paper currency.

The money pouch and container were oft abandoned in favor of a money belt which was fashioned from leather and securely lashed to the owner's torso. If light, the belt was worn around the waist. If heavy with coin, the belt was slung over the shoulder and across the chest. With land to be had in the Northwest Territory for $2 per acre, full payment was usually made by the new settler from

coins in his money belt. It was this practice of carrying all his legal tender on his person on his westward journey that prompted the pioneer to keep his rifle or musket fully primed at all times as highway bandits were more to be feared than Indians as his ready cash was as precious to him as his scalp.

As Government supervision over banks brought about fewer and fewer failures and foreclosures became more and more personal and humane, confidence in them grew within the rural communities as safe repositories of money and gradually the vault, saving account and checkbook replaced the money pouch and hidden cache.



The Old Log House. Birthplace of many De Long Children.

CHAPTER XX

THE LOG HOUSE

Few if any of the early pioneers had a specific destination in mind when they began their westward treck. "We'll know it when we see it," was the general rule of thumb. But there were prerequisites governing a homesite that were religiously observed by the more knowledgeable settlers. Were the Indians friendly? Was the soil fertile? Was the timber plentiful and varied? But perhaps the most important of all considerations was, "What about the water supply? With the forests full of game, the lakes and streams abounding in fish and the virgin soil clamoring for a chance to prove its fertility, food was no problem. Thus it was that the "first comers" staked out their claims bordering the banks of streams which not only provided a constant source of water but power to turn the wheels of their mills. The less fortunate later arrivals went looking for springs and if their search proved fruitless they resorted to their Divining Rod, a forked stick usually of hazel or peach wood considered to be an infallible guide to underground water. It seldom failed.

Virtually all of the early wilderness homes were log cabins. One exception was in areas such as the prairie lands of the far west where timber was scarce. Here the original abode was a sod shanty. Another was the stone structure which was preferred by those who were skilled in the art of stone masonry. Many of these were built by the early German immigrants, particularly those of

Moravian faith, and still may be found in certain sections of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. But by far the most common home and outbuildings of early rural America were built of logs hewn and shaped from the timbers of the adjoining forest.

Typical of these log cabins is the one shown on page 126, built on an 80-acre tract of land eight miles west of Angola, Indiana. Long referred to as the De Long "honeymoon" house, as each of Polly's children began housekeeping there when first married, it endured from the time built in 1850 to 1909 when it yielded to the change in home architecture brought about by the saw mill and the brick kiln. Its exposed, shaped logs, 44 in number, were of black walnut as were the rafters and joist. Its two rooms, downstairs and upstairs, were floored with white oak boards and were joined together by an open staircase which had replaced the earlier "pole" ladder as an avenue of entry and egress from the "keeping room" on the first floor where the parents slept to the second floor which served as the children's bedroom. Shake shingles covered the roof and mud plaster, composed of clay, slacked lime and animal hair, was used to caulk the crevices between the siding logs. As refrigeration was to come much later, every home had to have a root cellar where vegetables from the summer garden were stored for winter use. Usually this was provided by excavating a space beneath the cabin, well below the frost line which maintained a constant temperature winter and summer of about 40 degrees. Here were stored potatoes, onions, squash, pumpkins and canned goods such as tomatoes which would not hold up in their natural state during the long winter months. A candle or kerosene lantern was kept handy at the foot of the cellar stairs to light the way in the root cellar as varmints, including venomous snakes, were quick to discover the cellar as an ideal place for hibernation during the winter.

Most log cabins were heated by a single fireplace on the first floor where logs constantly simmered day and night throughout the winter months. With the aid of a crane to hold the iron pots over the burning logs and a "dutch oven" for baking, the fireplace was also used to prepare the family meals. As firewood became more difficult to obtain, the fireplace gradually yielded to the kitchen range which again provided both heat for the cabin and in the preparation of food. But most fireplaces, usually built of stone, outlasted the log cabin and were frequently used as heat to supplement the range. On the mantle of each hung the owner's firearm which was progressively the flintlock, the percussion and finally the breech-loader which replaced its two predecessors in the mid-19th Century.

Once the log house was finished and occupied, the next order of business was building a family privy, sometimes referred to as an outhouse or backhouse. This was usually built in close proximity to the house so that the trip through the snowbanks during the winter was not too long. Most were three holers, two for adults and a smaller one close to the floor for the younger children. Over the door of each was a half moon aperature, serving both a decorative and ventilation purpose. Many of these structures endure to this day, particularly those built during the early Roosevelt era by the W. P. A., sold to the farmers for $1 apiece and referred to by them as "Roosevelt monuments."

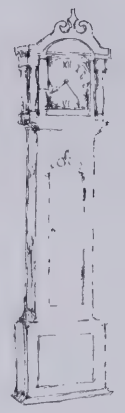
If the spring which provided the family with water was within "totin" distance, it was usually enclosed by a shed or sometimes by stone to ward off the livestock and varmints, not always successfully. This Spring House was used during the hot summer months for storing milk, cream, butter and other products that spoiled easily. For the less fortunate early settlers who could not locate close to a stream or spring the job remained to dig an open well. Usually before a cabin building

site was selected, the owner's forked stick told him that water in abundance lay only a few feet below the surface. Until the pitcher pump was developed, water was drawn from these open wells by a wooden bucket suspended on a long rope. Before it was used it was always strained through a screen or cotton gauze to filter out the denizons of the deep who found refuge in the well. Few took the precaution of boiling the water before use for maleria was not a common disease.

Once the log cabin, privy and well were in use, the farmer turned his attention to a barn where the livestock were housed and the hay and grain stored. These too were built of logs but of much larger dimensions to support the weight of the summer harvest. While lean-to buildings were frequently tacked on to both cabins and barns, this was less frequent in barns as the early settler could gauge the size of his barn from his acreage and do it more accurately than he could forecast the ultimate size of his family.

CHAPTER XXI

ELIZABETH'S POSSESSIONS



When Joseph DeLong built his commodious log house on the banks of the Little Miami River in Ohio in 1815, the family heirlooms brought from Virginia in the Conestoga Wagon were moved in and put in place. Focal point in the "keeping" room of every early home was the fireplace, housing a black iron kettle suspended from a crane that swung in and out according to the demands of the housewife. In the center of the room stood a "harvest table" -- an eight foot long piece of furniture, hewn from pine with drop leaves suspended from hand-forged hinges and used only when company came or at harvest time from which its name was derived. A crudely made double bed stood in one corner of the room where the parents slept. On the cross slats of the base was placed a tick or mattress which was stuffed with fresh straw once a year at time of harvest. As the straw dried and became pulverized with use, leaving the occupants uncomfortably ensconced on the hard slate, straw was replaced by goose and duck feathers when accumulated.

From her New England ancestors, Elizabeth had inherited a "Dry Sink" or water bench alternately used for family abulitions and washing dishes. The

under compartment housed many necessities, frequently the chamber pot or "thunder jug," cakes of red lye soap, towels, etc. The upper section, usually lined with copper or zinc sheeting, contained the tin water pitcher and bowl, soft soap, a container of black walnuts or burred chestnuts used for scrubbing and a wooden comb and mirror for the more vain in the family who wished to get "gussied" up. One corner of the room was occupied by a corner cupboard, a triangular piece of furniture, usually about six feet in height with shelves and hinged doors in front where tableware and the few prized family artifacts were stored.

Drawn up to the harvest table were crudely-hewn wooden benches and stools which in later years in every household were to be replaced by chairs--ladder backs, fiddle backs, arrow backs, Windsors, sometimes by Hitchcocks or Captains. On one side of the fireplace stood a "Shaker" straight-backed chair, rarely used by the family because of its austerity of design. Its function was decorative and frequently referred to as a "conversation piece." On the opposite side of the fireplace was placed a "nursing" rocker which in most early homes ultimately became the "granny" chair. Here granny lived out her few remaining years, alternately stoking the fire and puffing her corn-cob pipe and dreaming of "the good old days."

Over the fireplace mantle hung the irreplaceable Kentucky rifle made in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, early capital of the American gunsmiths. It was framed by pouches of bullets, wads and powder horns. The rifle was a flintlock which had replaced the matchlock and despite its shortcomings was used effectively by the Continental Army patriots. It too was soon to be replaced by the "percusson" which a few years later made way for the breech loader.

While most of the early rural pioneers made do with wooden kitchen utensils and tableware, the

somewhat more fortunate DeLong family boasted a complete set of pewterware--plates, forks, spoons, tea pot, coffee pot, bowls, porringers sometimes referred to as "bleeding cups" and salts and peppers. Fashioned from a combination of lead, tin and antimony, they came into general use in rural America after the War of Independence was fought and won. Prior to that the British Crown, at the behest of the London Pewterer Association, forbade the making of pewterware by the Colonists so as to protect the market for the English makers. But many workers in the pewter factories in England, after years of apprenticeship and little hope of full membership and his own "Hall Mark" betook themselves to the New World and set up clandestine shops, producing unmarked ware, equal, sometimes superior to that of his English counterpart. But even if he escaped detection, his market was limited as it was also an offense against the Crown to be caught with unmarked pewter. This changed, of course, after the Revolution and the eager American artisans,--William Will, Trask, Boardman, Danforth and Denman to mention a few, flooded the American market with their products. But the use of pewterware in America was relatively shortlived. The upper class turned to silver, porcelain and china; others, tin and Britainnia. By mid-19th Century, pewter manufacturing ceased and as much of this metal was patriotically turned in by its owners to be melted into bullets during successive wars, its scarcity value rose to a point where today the few surviving pieces are in the hands of collectors and museums.

Shortly after the log house was completed, Joseph added a frame lean-to with a cellar and a door leading to the main room. This became Elizabeth's private domain. Here she did the family wash, scrubbing away on a zinc washboard in a wooden tub of soapy hot water. Here too she kept another of her prized possessions, a Pennsylvania Pie Safe, used to cool and store freshly-

baked goods from the Dutch oven. It was insulated from the eager hands of her hungry brood, flys and rodents by tin or zinc sheathing. Some were constructed as four posters, mounted on their own legs. Others were built to be suspended by rope and pully from the ceiling or lowered into the cellar below. All four sides were of metal which was finely perforated into intricate designs with the perforations large enough to admit ventilation but too small to allow intrusion of flys and other insects. Elizabeth's private buttery also contained crocks of cream and a churn in which the cream was agitated into rich yellow rolls of butter, consumed by her family and less fortunate neighbors. On sunny days she would move her spinning wheel next to the window of her private retreat and engage in her favorite housewifely task of carding linen, wool and cotton, later to be turned into homespun fabric for the family's attire.

Acutely conscious of the handicap of illiteracy, Elizabeth in later years taught herself to read and write. She was thus able as her time grew near to "will" her furniture and artifacts to her seven children. On the backs or underside of each piece of furniture she wrote the name of the offspring who was to receive that particular piece of furniture. Thus on the back of her highboy she wrote, "For my son James." On her silver set she glued a piece of paper and wrote, "To my daughter Rebecca." As she had no favorites, as best she could she made equitable distribution of all her worldly goods in this fashion. In addition to her primitive furniture mentioned above, her possessions included a highboy, low boy, linen closet, breakfront, cherry drop-leaf table, two grandfather's clocks, English Secretary, cherry slant-top desk, five mahogany bureaus, two mahogany bookcases, seven original Currier & Ives prints, a complete silver set with tray which she received from Joseph on their 50th Wedding Anniversary, two Chinese porcelain urns, two Kashmir rugs, marble-topped dresser and many other articles much sought after by today's antique dealers.

CHAPTER XXII

THE LAND

According to anthropologists, some 12,000 years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, a people, later to be known as the North American Indians, crossed the Bering Straights from Siberia and entered Alaska, the Northwesternmost tip of the North American continent. Leaving their less adventuresome Eskimo brethren behind, they spread across the face of the Continent from West to East and by the time Columbus pushed the bow of the Santa Maria into the precincts of the Western Hemisphere, these people had given up their nomadic life and were settled comfortably in their caves, hogans, wicki-ups, wigwams and teepees on a Land that gave them a culture somewhere between the barbaric and the civilized.

By the time of arrival of the first white settlers in the New World, all land areas were in possession of the Indians. Their claims to this terrain, both by moral and legal standards of the time, were firmly supported by right of discovery and occupation. No tract of land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the present Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico was without an Indian claimant. But unlike the white settler, no Indian laid individual claim to the land.

Its title was vested in the tribe and its boundries usually rivers, mountain ranges and the oceans. These changed from time to time through tribal intermarriage, negotiated treaties and warfare. The custom of individual land purchase and ownership introduced by the early settlers was not only alien but obnoxious to the Indian who looked upon the land as his "Mother" and few Indians, even the most greedy or depraved sold his Mother.

But despite this deep-seated feeling of proprietorship of the land, the Indians gradually yielded up their sacred possession to the newcomers, sometimes through his desire for trinkets or guns, sometimes through duplicity or an overdose of rum, sometimes through sheer force of arms. The first of these recorded transactions was the exchange of the strategically located Manhattan Island, 22-1/2 acres, by the Indians to the Dutch for a reputed $24.00 worth of trinkets. This was effected without duress or cunning. Quite different was a transaction that took place in Pennsylvania in 1737, one year before Abraham De Long dropped anchor there. It is referred to in history books as the "Walking Purchase." In 1687 the Quaker, William Penn, straightlaced in all his dealings with the Indians, negotiated a treaty with the Delaware Indians, calling for the transfer of a vast tract of land in the Delaware River valley to the Colony in return for merchandise supplied by the Philadelphia trading post. The boundries of the tract were clearly delineated, all that is, except one which, according to the treaty, "doth extend itself back into the woods as far as a man can goe in one and one-half day." Nothing was done about enforcement of this treaty during William Penn's lifetime, but 50 years later his two sons, John and Thomas, who appear to have inherited little of their Father's moral or ethical standards called upon the Delaware Indian, Sachem Nutimus to honor the treaty. After two years of investigation, the unwary Nutimus, satisfied the treaty was valid, agreed to its terms.

But instead of assigning one man to walk the boundary in the alloted time, the Penn brothers gave the task to three hardy woodsmen who "dog-trotted" the boundary in relays, virtually doubling the size as envisioned by signers of the treaty. Thus it was, by intrigue, rum, force of arms and some isolated but honorable purchases the Indians were deprived of their "Mother" and were gradually pressed across the Mississippi to reservations set aside for the purpose. In this enforced migration about the only tribes who did not end up holding the short end of the stick were those who, inadvertently, were settled on reservations in the West that turned out to be oil rich.

Having established a formula and precedent for separating the Indian from his land, the white settlers expanded Westward. In their vanguard were surveyors who painstakingly mapped out state, county, township and section or block boundries which served as guides for local and state governments and land ownership. This was a practice learned from the Mother Country. As early as the Sixteenth Century, England was a tight little island, overpopulated even by today's standards with land much valued and sought after. In all land transactions meticulous surveys were made, incorporated in a deed which was recorded in a government office provided for the purpose.

With the exception of grants of vast tracts of land in the New World to those in favor at the English Court at the time and whose boundries were of necessity uncertain, most Pioneer farmers secured a clear record of his land dimensions, whether he homesteaded or purchased. But the paucity of competent surveyors and the immensity of their task frequently resulted in grey areas which, in turn, led to boundary disputes, sometimes bloodshed. Typical of some of these early, hurried and unthinking surveys follows: "Beginning at a boulder in the center of the Old Logging Road,

Just to add some facts to this story at this point. It is very interesting that some of "Elizabeth's" things were passed on down to her children, but it is not very believable that some of these were really Elizabeth's, the mother of the children. I will see somewhere along the line if I can contact one of the remaining members of the Joseph DeLong family to ask about what antiques are left in the family and which might have been from a very distant past. If this book was printed in 1977, then there must be some remaining DeLongs of this family that would be contactable.

The problem here is that Joseph's wife, Elizabeth, and the mother of these children died in 1821. At this time Solomon would have been only about 6 years old and the youngest of the children. She is buried beside Joseph in the West Charleston Cemetery in Miami Co., Ohio, just down the road from where our own George and Elizabeth DeLong, parents of Sarah DeLong Fitch, are buried in Bethel Cemetery. It is found that Joseph married again a Betsey Crane, who was probably the wife of Benjamin Crane who had died in 1819. So both were free to marry as they had lost their mates. I do not have the date before me, but think they married in 1822 just shortly after Elizabeth Snodgrass's death. It was no later than 1825. Elizabeth "Betsey" Crane brought children of her own to the marriage so would have been two families in one. At that time George Washington DeLong, the oldest son, would have been in his 20's himself.

So, since that is not mentioned in this narrative, it could have been either Elizabeth who had passed on her things to the children. It is not inconceivable that the mother may have known she was dying and set aside some of her heirlooms for her own children even to the marking of them for the different offspring. But neither of his wives could have celebrated a 50th wedding anniversary with Joseph. The first one dying too soon, and then Joseph died in 1856 so he had not been married to Betsey Crane for 50 years before he passed away.

So though some of this may be true, probably most of the things passed down came from later generations and not from the first of Joseph and Elizabeth. Or at least they would have had to come down through the 2nd wife, who may have done the writing and giving of these things to the children of the first wife. But since neither could have gotten silver for a 50 th anniversary, that must have come from a different generation. Need a little investigation here. If I find out new facts will rewrite this addition. Currier and Ives??? And Kashmir rugs??? Doubtful they came over the trail in 1816 although Elizabeth Snodgrass had an English father and may have been fairly well off.

thence South 34 Degrees 3,300 feet to a gooseberry bush, thence East 4,000 feet to a pine tree stump, thence North 3,300 feet to a wooden hub, thence West 4,000 feet to the point of beginning.

As the years passed, these markers, of course, disappeared, leaving the hapless farmer to guess as to his boundries, sometimes with dire results. Many a building was found to encroach upon the property of a neighbor, many a fence meandered across another farmer's land. Upon being presented with a survey, the prudent farmer immediately enclosed it with a fence. In the New England states most fences were of stone cleared from the land. In the prairie lands of the West where stones were not plentiful, the first fences were worm or zig zag made by placing split rails, one on top of the other. As these took up a great deal of space, they were later replaced by the tripod rail fence which ultimately was replaced by wire mesh and barbed wire which are still in use.

In building a "line" fence, i.e., a fence that separated one farmer's property from his neighbors', there first had to be common agreement just where the boundary line was. Once agreement was reached the fence was equally financed by the two owners as was its maintenance. But a boundary line in dispute spelled trouble. The solution, of course, was a new survey, but at whose expense? Not infrequently when two "pig headed" farmers failed to compromise, two fences were erected, one paralleling the other with a space in between. This space came to be known as "The Devil's Lane," the disputants as the Hatfields and the McCoys.

CHAPTER XXIII

STEUBEN COUNTY

Indiana attained Territorial status in 1800 and was admitted to the Union in 1816. As in the case of all States, political subdivision consisted of Counties and within the Counties, Townships were created. One of Indiana's 92 Counties was Steuben, located in the extreme northeast corner of the State, bordering Ohio on the East and Michigan on the North. The County was named after Baron Friedrich Von Steuben, a Prussian General who had distinguished himself in Europe's Seven Year's War. As Colonial Representative to the French Court, Benjamin Franklin met General Von Steuben in the salons in Paris and induced him along with several others including Lafayette, De Kalb, Pulaski, and Kosciukski to carry their military talents to America and join General George Washington in the task of whipping his rag-tail Colonial army into an efficient military force to subdue the mercenaries employed by England to bring to heel the rebellious colonists.

The first white settlers in Indiana were French. They were explorers and Jesuit missionaries who established a colony at the present site of Vincennes on the lower reaches of the Wabash River. That

was still disputed Northwest territory, claimed by both France and England. It was not until 100 years later that the first white settlers began homestaking land claims in Steuben County. Probably the chief reason why they were slow in locating there was that there were large areas within the State and beyond where the land was more fertile and more tillable than much of the acreage in Steuben County. For some unknown reason, the action of prehistoric glaciers were more convulsive in the Northeastern part of the state than elsewhere.

Steuben County was left with innumerable lakes, swamps and streams. Much of the terrain consisted of rolling hills which geologists referred to as drumline which did not yield to the plow as easily as prairie land. The unyielding glaciers brought in rock and earth from the far North, ground them and churned them and in the process of melting, deposited them on the face of the County in a random pattern. The early homesteader in Steuben County, thanks to the action of glaciers had his choice of a wide variety of soils, all the way from inhospitable yellow sand to the rich prairie flat lands.

One such area came to be known as Jackson Prairie, located in the Northwest corner of the County. It was level, almost devoid of trees and the soil was enriched by thousands of years of decayed vegetation. It did not take the canny white settlers long, experienced agronomists in their own right, to take advantage of their position of first comers and stake out their claims in Jackson Prairie, rather than the undulating adjacent hill country. The first arrival was John Stayner who, with his wife and children, moved into Jackson prairie from Ohio on June 18, 1831. He was slow in filing his claim so the honor went to Gideon Langdon who arrived a short time later. The soil was so rich and mellow that according to early accounts, Stayner was able to "Plow quite a patch," before supper on the day of his arrival and his

wife, using the grub hoe, broke ground for a garden, planting lettuce and cabbage with seed brought from Ohio. There were no trees to be felled, no stumps to be pulled, no boulders to be removed before the plow was put to the soil.

Game was abundant in the forest-studded hills and valleys of Steuben County and its many lakes and streams swarmed with fish. As those were the main sources of food for the Indians there were many of their villages in the area when the white settlers began to arrive. But they were friendly. They were the Pottawattames of the more numerous Miami Tribe. Friendly or not, with the arrival of each additional land-hungry white settler, pressure mounted for removal of all Indiana, and there again, as before and long afterwards, the sordid drama of relocating them from their age-old environment was played out. In 1838 a detachment of Michigan Militia, acting on orders of the Federal Government, rounded up all the Indians in the County and marched them to a site near the Wabash River where they were joined up by other displaced tribes and thence to a reservation west of the Mississippi River. They were promised 50 cents per acre for their land which was paid to their heirs many decades later.

Unlike many communities in America where a single ethnic group predominated, the early settlers of Steuben County traced their family roots back to many countries in Western Europe. They were of Scotch, Irish, English and German ancestry with a small scattering of French and Scandinavians. Many of the original settlers and a great number of their descendants, enamoured by tales of the vast, unbroken prairie lands to the West, Iowa, Nebrasks, Missouri, Kansas and even Oregon, Washington and California; moved on, joining the restless caravans of hopefuls seeking the Eldorado that lay somewhere just beyond the setting sun. But their going created no vacuum to accommodate

later emigres from Europe who in many cases brought with them more alien ways than those of the original settlers.

Steuben County at its inception was divided into 12 townships. At least one small village, sometimes referred to as the Township seat, sprang up in each Township to serve the minimal economic and sometimes social needs of the community. At their bustling best, most villages never boasted more than fifty families. The village of Flint occupied this position in Jackson Township. At its height it had a smithy, a barber shop with two pool tables, a farm implement store, a dance hall, a Methodist Church, a High School and A General Store where both dry goods and groceries were purveyed. Local option ruled out a saloon. Flint's 'trading area' was the entire Township and certain areas in adjacent townships.

The busiest establishment by far in Flint was the General Store which carried an amazing inventory of dry goods and groceries which were replenished regularly by drummers from Fort Wayne. There produce from the neighboring farms--eggs, butter, cheese, sometimes fowl, were exchanged for necessities not grown on the farms. The three enterprising Arnold Brothers who owned and ran the store would accept the produce, paying the going competitive rate and ship the items received off to the city markets. All except butter which without refrigeration would quickly turn rancid. The butter taken in exchange was placed in a large enclosed glass cabinet and sold locally to those who had no cows or whose cows were freshening. On each roll of butter the name of the vendor was displayed, the beginning of brand preference in merchandising. Some buyers preferred their butter highly seasoned with salt, others no salt at all. So the woman shopper would open the case and sample each roll of butter by scooping up a morsel on a not-too-

well manicured thumb nail, carry it to her mouth, smack her lips thoughtfully, and only after that routine would she make her choice.

Coffee, tea, sugar, salt, crackers, flour and many other bulk items came in wooden barrels from which the grocer would scoop up the order in a paper bag for weighing. Coffee was sold unground but the Flint store had a huge red coffee-grinding machine, mounted on the counter, with a large fly wheel to help maintain momentum, once started with a crank. In the food line, brand names had not as yet put in an appearance. All salt poured in the rain, all sugar was pure and sweet, all crackers were sunshine. In many general stores in those small villages the favorite daytime hideaway of the store cat was the cracker barrel. He was hoisted out by the nape of the neck when an order of crackers was filled. In later years when package goods came into vogue, an advertising executive in New York, conversant with the changeover; once remarked that "Advertising's greatest contribution to the changing American way of life was when it took the cat out of the cracker barrel."

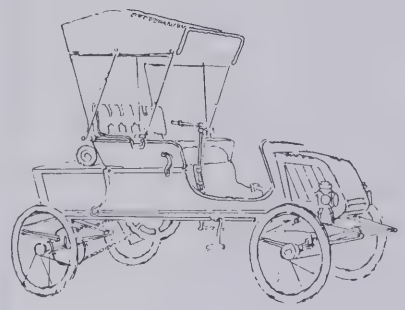
During the warm Summer months, Saturday nights were set aside by the farm folk to journey to Flint to shop, to attend occasional square dances, to make overdue visits to the village barber and to visit with neighboring farmers. To promote their merchandise the General Store usually conducted a lottery with prizes given away to the winners every Saturday night. Nobody in good health missed the drawing. On those Saturday night occasions the patent medicine man magically turned up from nowhere. He would back his covered wagon up on a lawn in the center of the village, lower the buckboard in the rear to serve as a platform, light up his kerosene-fed lanterns and to assemble the crowd, he started his show with music. Most of those hucksters played the mouth organ, held in place close to his lips by an ingenious contraption made of wire and placed around the head, resting

on the shoulders and neck which held the instrument firmly in place. He usually accompanied himself with a banjo and a base drum, cymbals and trident; the latter instrument manipulated with his feet. His was the original one man's band and he never failed to draw a large and attentive crowd.

After his audience grew to sufficient proportions and began showing signs of friendliness he would lay aside his musical instruments and perform feats of magic. White rabbits and doves were drawn from a silk topper, water turned into milk which he drank with apparent relish. But the trick that delighted and mystified everyone was picking silver dollars out of thin air with a magic wand. That beat working the fields for 50 cents per day and there usually was a great clamor from his audience for his secret which he never revealed. After the warmups came the pitch for his elixir. He had no inhibitions in claiming for it a sure cure for all external and internal ailments. He seemed to possess a sixth sense that warned him when he had extracted the last dollar from his audience and at that point he gruffly waved good-bye, and without further fanfare, assembled his gear, hitched up his filly and lumbered off into the night, never to return. The routines of those medicine men were always the same, but their faces were always different. Their code of ethics rules out a complaint department. They never offered a money-back guarantee. They easily could have for they never returned.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH



During the post Civil War period of Reconstruction, the tempo of industrial development in the United States began to quicken. The iron rail was thrown athwart the Nation, East and West, North and South. Factories quickly followed, adding wealth to the country and its entrepreneurs. The vast fortunes of the Vanderbilts, Rockafellers, James, Hills and Harrimans that still enrich their progeny were laid down during this period. Technological advance in agricultural implements coupled with rising demand for factory workers initiated a vast shift of population from rural America to the urban areas. In the North the McCormick reaper started the trend, slow at first, towards mass production on the farms. John Deere's steel mouldboard for the plow was a giant step forward. Prior to that, mouldboards were made either from wood or iron and were slow to scour. In the South Eli Whitney's cotton gin more than doubled the productive labor of plantation workers.

During the Nation's Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia in 1876, printed programs featured the new agricultural advancements including the spring-

tooth harrow, the hay rake, the steel mouldboard plow and, of course, the McCormick reaper. Almost unheralded and unnoticed was a gadget just patented by Alexander Graham Bell - the telephone. Crude work tools developed during previous centuries, the somnolent ways of doing things were being nudged aside and the Machine was mounting his throne.

Isaac Singer patented his sewing machine (1851), Oliver Winchester introduced his repeating rifle (1860) Bell patented the telephone (1876) Joseph patented barbed wire(1874) and Edison invented the phonograph, incandescent light bulb and a motion picture projector. The "bugs" were being ironed out of the internal combustion engine and in 1908 Henry Ford introduced the principle of the assembly line for mass production of his Model T.

During the 19th Century the United States grew from a population of 5,000,000 to 76,000,000; from 16 States to 45; territory from 909,000 square miles to 3,800,000. Yet, despite the rumblings of a better way, farmers living in the more remote areas of rural Indiana were tilling, sowing and reaping in much the same fashion as their 19th Century forebearers. Grain was broadcast by hand, corn was planted by a "cane" hand planter and was cut, shocked and husked manually. Children still attended the one-room country school house where eight grades were taught by a poorly-educated teacher. Pupils trudged to school, Fall, Winter and Spring, regardless of weather or distance. High schools were mainly for the townsfolks. Dirt roads were alternately choked with snowbanks in the winter and mud and dust during the summer. Indoor toilets were unheard of, the backhouse or privy was as much a part of the outbuildings as the barn. Oxen had given way to horses as beasts of burden. Mail was delivered five days per week by an R. F. D. mail carrier driving a horse-drawn vehicle with a stove pipe emerging from the top

to carry off the smoke and fumes of a coal-burning, pot-bellied stove which warmed the mailman during the cold winter months. These vehicles, box-like in appearance, were patriotically painted red, white and blue and lettered in gold - U. S. MAIL. In winter, wheeled vehicles were laid aside for the sleigh, cutter and bobsled.

However, by 1912 the cumulative effect of man's inventive genius, beginning in the mid-19th Century began to penetrate even the more remote and backward areas of rural Indiana. First came the telephone with poles supporting a single strand of wire strung along the dirt roads in all but the more sparsely settled communities. By today's standards the instruments were large, clumsey affairs, screwed to the wall with an earphone, talking receptacle and a crank for ringing your party. Upon installation the subscriber was assigned a signal number, three rings of short duration, followed by four long rings, etc., with emergency calls usually six shorts. People were quick to catch on to the signal calls for neighbors on the "party line" and usually listened in on their calls, a practice which they in turn reciprocated. The light bulb came to the city folks at about the same time, but electricity for use in the rural areas did not become universal until the advent of the R. E. A. during Roosevelt's Administration.

The automobile had the most revolutionary effect upon rural community life and was more quickly embraced than many other mechanical innovations. As late as 1908, Angola, the County seat of Steuben, had no pavements. In that year the central plaza or circle which was located in the center of town with the traditional Soldier's and Sailor's monument in the center, was bare ground, dusty in the summer, muddy or banked with snow in the winter. It was ringed about with hitching posts and an occasional watering trough. In that year the city fathers voted to install a pavement of stone blocks. Later main street was paved

and slowly, improved highways began to fan out in all directions into the countryside. Farmers, however, did not wait for improved highways to invest in an automobile. Owning a car became both a status symbol and a necessity. Auburns, Model T's, Hupmobiles, Studebakers, Flanders, EMF, Brush, Ramblers and many more toured up and down the rutted roads, scaring into runaway fright the horses they encountered.

First to shrink, then disappear under the impact of the auto was the one-room country school house. These were followed by the small villages with their traditional General Store, blacksmith and barber shop. Many churches too fell into disrepair under dwindling congregations and were turned back to their original doners. Rural America was on wheels. A trip to town was usually to replenish the gas tank or a tune-up at the garage where once a livery stable stood. In the relatively short space of a decade, the gas buggy revolution had swept the countryside like a prairie fire, leaving few reminders of the old ways of life that had endured since pre-pioneer days.

In swapping the buggy whip for the gas pedal, rural America gained much in the way of things material, but lost much too in moral and spiritual values. Although Man usually accommodates himself to his changing environment and perhaps has to do so to survive, in the adjustment he frequently surrenders a way of life more suited to his temperment and mores than that imposed by the New. The sudden transition swept aside the straight furrows of the intrepid pioneers and the simple virtues they symbolized, leaving in its stead an alien Climate having few roots in the past. Change in itself is not always for the better, wearing many disguises which frequently mask the ultimate design. During the Dark Age of Medieval Europe when the peasantry were pawns on the human chessboard, they were heard to lament, "Once we wept all day long. Now we weep for that day."

Household Record

1880 United States Census

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Household:

Name	Relation	Marital Status	Gender	Race	Age	Birthplace	Occupation	Father's Birthplace	Mother's Birthplace
Joseph DELONG	Self	M	Male	W	89	NY	Laborer	IRE	IRE
Jane M. DELONG	Wife	M	Female	W	72	NY	Keeping House	NY	NY
Charles DELONG	Son	S	Male	W	18	IN	Works In Sawmill	NY	NY

Source Information:

Census Place Waterloo, De Kalb, Indiana
Family History Library Film 1254273
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Household Record

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Household:

Name	Relation	Marital Status	Gender	Race	Age	Birthplace	Occupation	Father's Birthplace	Mother's Birthplace
Ebenezer DELONG	Self	M	Male	W	49	OH	Laborer	NY	NY
Anna M. DELONG	Wife	M	Female	W	36	IN	Keeping House	OH	OH
James DELONG	Son	S	Male	W	17	IN	Laborer	OH	IND
Ida DELONG	Dau	S	Female	W	10	IN		OH	IND
Ada DELONG	Dau	S	Female	W	5	IN		OH	IND
Joseph DELONG	Son	S	Male	W	3	IN		OH	IND

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Household Record

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Household:

Name	Relation	Marital Status	Gender	Race	Age	Birthplace	Occupation	Father's Birthplace	Mother's Birthplace
[illegible] DELONG	Self	M	Male	W	49	OH	Laborer	NY	NY
[illegible] M. DELONG	Wife	M	Female	W	36	IN	Keeping House	OH	OH
James DELONG	Son	S	Male	W	17	IN	Laborer	OH	IND
Ida DELONG	Dau	S	Female	W	10	IN		OH	IND
Ada DELONG	Dau	S	Female	W	5	IN		OH	IND
Joseph DELONG	Son	S	Male	W	3	IN		OH	IND

Source Information:

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Household Record

1880 United States Census

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Household:

Name	Relation	Marital Status	Gender	Race	Age	Birthplace	Occupation	Father's Birthplace	Mother's Birthplace
Charles DELONG	Self	M	Male	W	39	IN	Laborer	NY	PA
Sarah DELONG	Wife	M	Female	W	29	OH	Keeping House	PA	PA
William DELONG	Son	S	Male	W	12	IN	Attending School	IN	OH
Mary A. DELONG	Dau	S	Female	W	4	IN		IN	OH

Source Information:

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Household Record

1880 United States Census

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Household:

Name	Relation	Marital Status	Gender	Race	Age	Birthplace	Occupation	Father's Birthplace	Mother's Birthplace
Charles DELONG	Self	M	Male	W	39	IN	Laborer	NY	PA
Sarah DELONG	Wife	M	Female	W	29	OH	Keeping House	PA	PA
William DELONG	Son	S	Male	W	12	IN	Attending School	IN	OH
Mary A. DELONG	Dau	S	Female	W	4	IN		IN	OH

Source Information:

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Family History Library Film	1254272
NA Film Number	T9-0272
Page Number	76B

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